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NOVEMBER 22, 1974

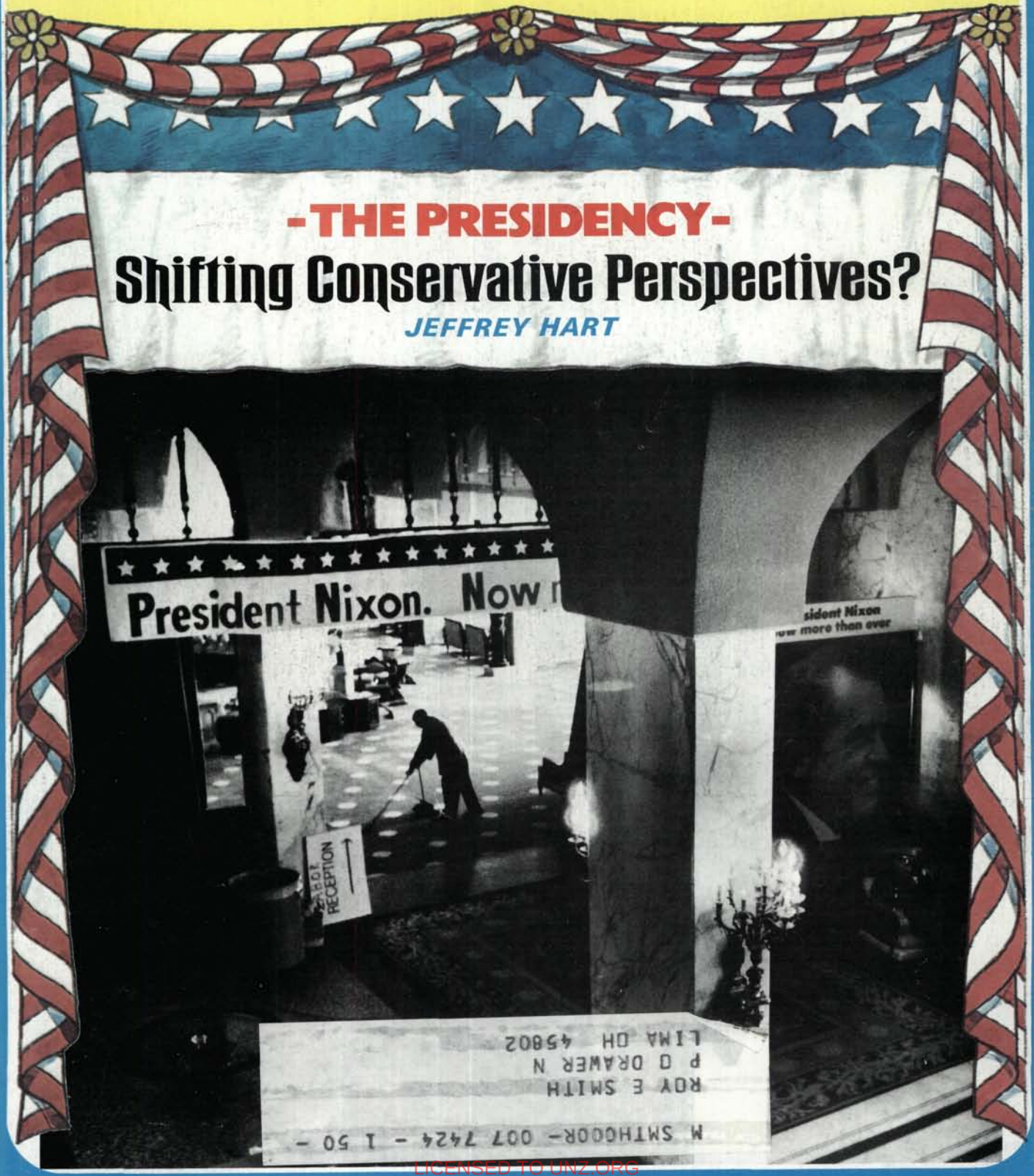
NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

The Electoral Disaster

-THE PRESIDENCY-

Shifting Conservative Perspectives?

JEFFREY HART



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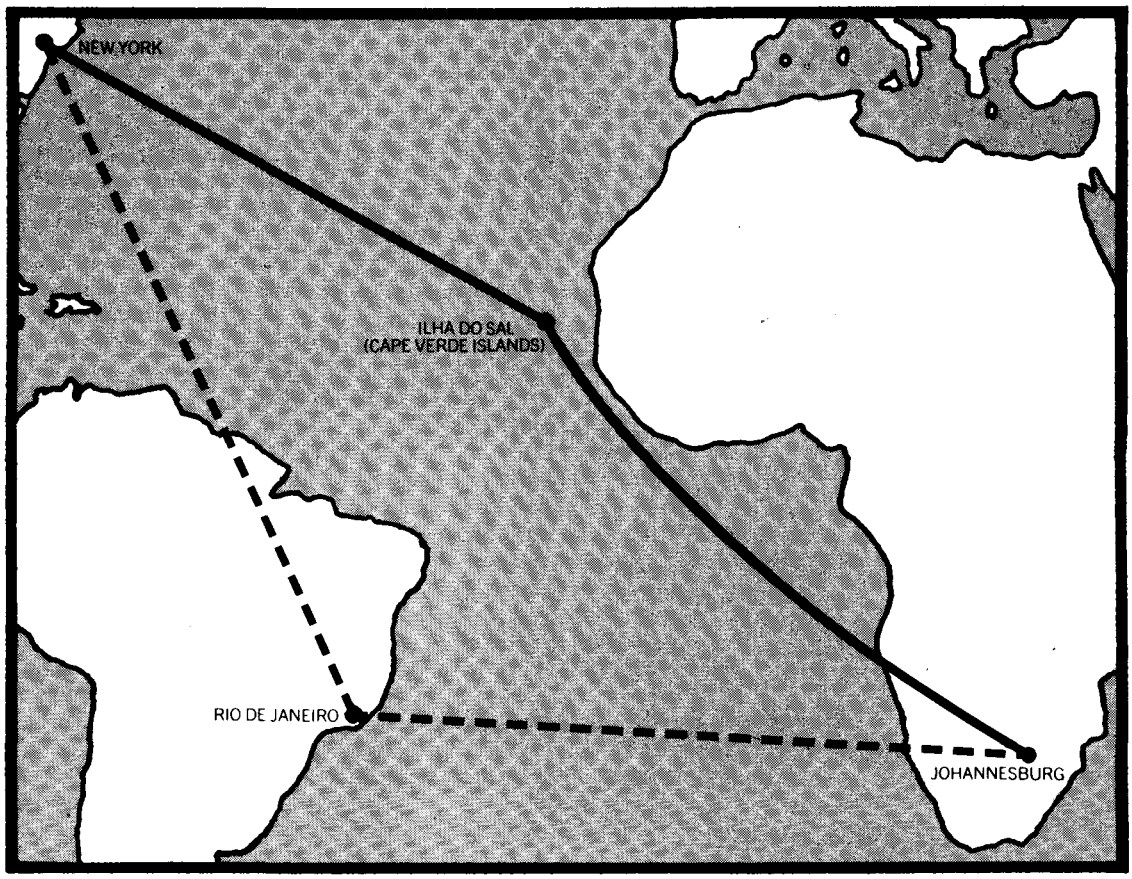

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Letters

If Saigon Fell . . .

Really, the timing of our efforts to save Vietnam is too much. Since the article on Vietnam by James E. Dornan Jr. and Peter C. Hughes was published ["The Scoresheet, Fall 1974," Nov. 8], yet another oil find has been made off South Vietnam's coast. Can you, I mean can you, imagine anything more cruelly ironical—for us, for the Vietnamese, and for the free world—than ascertaining, immediately after South Vietnam fell to the Communists, that the offshore oil deposits were in fact of a size sufficient to give them commercial value? Surely that would serve us right—and teach us nothing.

Hartford, Conn. MABEL F. WORTHY

Free Press?

I have just now read R. H. Coase's "The Market for Ideas" [Sept. 27].

Mr. Coase might also have pointed out that where free press enthusiasts consider certain ideas *really* offensive or dangerous, they never have any difficulty in finding means of repressing them. For example, any publication of a suggestion by a resort hotel that it would like to "restrict" its clientele is most strictly *verboten*. Or take, for example, communications from a corporation with respect to a proposed sale of its securities. Dangerous reading material, to be sure, wherefore stern laws provide not only that the content thereof must be scrupulously accurate, but even that governmental bodies must, in case of doubt, be empowered to *pre*censor such content—and in fact to forbid in advance the publication of the doubtful material.

And oh yes—who saw to it that such power of precensorship of the press was accorded to the Securities and Exchange Commission? Why of course: a certain Professor William O. Douglas.

Redwood City, Calif. PARK CHAMBERLAIN

Down Updike?

I find much to agree with in *NR*'s view of the Kanawha County textbook controversy ["The Week," Oct. 25], but I think the account is misleading on some points:

1. The choice is not really between Shakespeare and Cleaver, as you imply. If this were so, the issue would be simple enough for all but the most hopeless o left wing ideologues. But among the "ob jectionable" writers are Mark Twain, Her man Melville, E. E. Cummings, and Joh Updike. Nor are the black writers ob jected to entirely of the Cleaver-Davis type. The protestors are equally incensed at the relatively innocuous poetry of Gwendolyn Brooks. In fact, I don't think I would want to teach Shakespeare in Kanawha County right now.

2. Most of the controversial books are not required texts, but supplementary materials, which students are not compelled to read. It is one thing to say that my children should not be required to read certain books, quite another to say the school should not make the books available to anyone else's children.

3. Rather soon after the controversy showed indications of getting out of hand (though perhaps not soon enough), all the texts were temporarily removed and a committee was appointed to review them. Yet the violence continues, leading one to question the motives of the protestors.

Huntington, W. Va. JOHN W. TEEL

Hitler . . .

The title of Ferdinand Mount's criticism of Fest's Hitler biography, "Elusive Hitler" [Sept. 27], is appropriate. Hitler *was* elusive, but precisely because he and the currents which brought him to power were perplexingly complex, and elude description as either "right" or "left," "radical" or "conservative." Mr. Mount leads the reader astray when he suggests that "there is less in Hitler than meets the eye."

The historian's problem is that Hitler was not simple. His thoughts and actions reflect a psyche fraught with inner contradictions and a powerful but turgid and unsystematic intellect. Recent psychological studies of Hitler may make occasional unwarranted extrapolations, but in the process they greatly enhance our knowledge of Hitler the man, and the rationale for the policies he pursued. A. J. P. Taylor pointed out over ten years ago that our simplistic notions of Hitler as pure evil needed revision, and the gap in our knowledge has still not been closed. Mr.

(Continues on page 1330)

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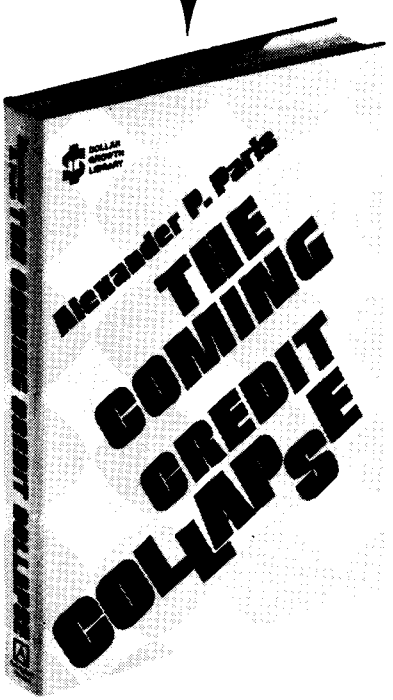

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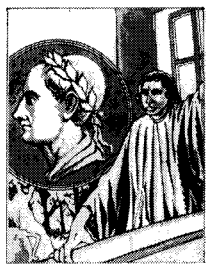

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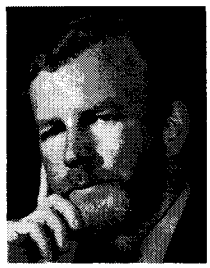

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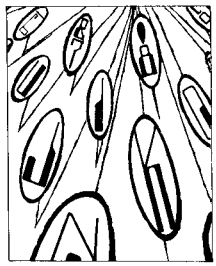

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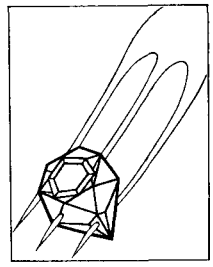

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Superliberal *New York Post* columnist **Harriet Van Horne** headlined her piece the morning after: "A Lovely Election." You could take it from there. A blitz: the Democrats picked up four in the Senate—will have 62 seats, to 38 for the Republicans. It will be 292 to 143 in the House—a pickup of 44. And they ended up with 36 gubernatorial mansions to 13 for the Republicans, and one for an independent, **James P. Longley**, of Maine, who ran on a cut-government-spending campaign, and won. The Democrats didn't get all ten of the big states, as some had predicted. They took New York (**Hugh Carey**), California (**Edmund Brown Jr.**), Connecticut (**Ella Grasso**), Massachusetts (**Michael Dukakis**), but they failed to win two other big ones. In Ohio, former Gov. **James Rhodes** waged a successful comeback campaign that knocked Democrat **John Gilligan** not only out of the governor's mansion but out of the 1976 presidential stakes. In Michigan, liberal Republican Gov. **Milliken** pulled off a squeaker against more liberal Democrat **Sander Levin**. . . . The GOP won the governorship in South Carolina—for the first time since you know what—in pretty much of a fluke. **James Edwards** sneaked in after the Democratic primary winner **Pug Ravenel** was ruled out for insufficient residency. . . . The *Wall Street Journal* predicted in advance of the election that a big Democratic Congress would mean new spending measures, among them a major public employment program, "soak the rich" tax revisions, and probable passage of a national health insurance bill. . . . *Washington Post* columnist **David S. Broder** not so sure. Historically, he says, it is only when there's been a top-heavy Democratic Congress with a Democrat in the White House that major new legislation has gotten through: **Roosevelt**'s New Deal after 1936; **Lyndon Johnson**'s Great Society after '64. Broder points out that in 1959-1960, when Democrats had 282 House seats and 64 Senate seats, **Eisenhower** vetoed 44 spending bills; only two were overridden.

Gurbutt, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"We'd like to open a savings account in case our firm gives in to our pay demand and makes us redundant."

■ **Richard Nixon**, in his sick bed in California, was still hurting his erstwhile supporters. Nixon's favorite mayor, **Richard Lugar**, lost to Sen. **Birch Bayh** in Indiana, and his last ditch congressional supporter **Earl Landgrebe** of Indiana ("I'm sticking by my President even if he and I have to be taken out and shot") was blasted out of office. As were a number of prominent Judiciary Committee defenders of Richard Nixon. **David Dennis**, also of Indiana, **Wiley Mayne**, Iowa, and two from New Jersey, conservatives **Charles Sandman** and **Joseph Maraziti**. . . . **Peter Rodino**, on the other hand, racked up 85 per cent of the vote in a three-way race.

■ In New York, **Ramsey Clark** ran one million votes behind Democratic gubernatorial candidate **Hugh Carey** but still got 40 per cent of the vote Gov. **Malcolm Wilson** in going down to defeat racked up enough votes on the Conservative Party line to give the **Conservatives** the coveted Row C position next time round. Conservative senatorial candidate **Barbara Keating** came in with a splashy vote of over 700,000, on an expenditure of about $60,000. New York City's three congresswomen, Bellowing **Bella**, **Shirley Chisholm**, and **Elizabeth Holtzman** (you remember her from her hectoring of **Gerald Ford** in his House appearance), won in landslides. . . . **Allard Lowenstein** of Dump LBJ fame lost yet another try for the House, failing to unseat Republican **John Wydler**. . . . All 16 members of the **black congressional caucus** were returned to office.

■ On the lighter side: House Speaker **Carl Albert** was the very first Democrat to say it. "This is not just a victory. This is a mandate." . . . Sen. **Robert Dole**'s version the day after: "The wreckage of Watergate is spread over the landscape." . . . GOP Gov. **Francis Sargent** of Massachusetts, who did everything in the power of man to dissociate himself from the GOP (and everything it stands for), and lost anyway, commented: "I've been beaten by Watergate and the price of hamburger." . . . Massachusetts voters who retired Sargent also sent to the state House **Elaine Nobel**, who ran as a lesbian and a gay rights activist. . . . Sen. **Mike Gravel**—he who wept as he read the Pentagon Papers—won an unexpected victory in Alaska against an inflexible John Bircher, **C. R. Lewis**. Lewis, who went into the campaign not only thinking but saying that **Kissinger** was a Communist, was persuaded by his coaches to soften his answer. To the question, is Henry Kissinger a Communist? he now replies: "I hope not."

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"On the surface it had all the earmarks of a misadventure: William F. Buckley Jr. in the United Nations! The silver bullet of American conservatism whistling through those corridors of internationalism! Is the book a misadventure? No, it is not. In it, the author keeps his celebrated wit in shape, commenting on the proceedings, thumbnailing the cast of characters [giving] us lively pictures of how the institution works, [conveying] some of the deeper reasons why he, the conservative who had written so critically of the United Nations in the past, could now accommodate himself to a position previously occupied by the likes of Eleanor Roosevelt and Daniel Patrick Moynihan. This is refreshing stuff. It must be a rare acrobat who can pass through the United Nations, and keep his wits and his moral priorities about him. Like a high wire artist attempting to cross Niagara Falls on his fingertips, Mr. Buckley has astonished by surviving."
NY TIMES

"Trenchant and imperial prose, behind-the-scenes anecdotes, vitriolic portraits of major diplomatic figures." *Library Journal*

"This is a book of coruscating wit. WFB is biting, intelligent, but determined to be good-humored about his odyssey. *Book World*

"Buckley manages somehow to lavish words—and wit—all up and down the pages."
NYT Book Review (Eric Redman)

"This book tells us far more about the reality of the United Nations than we are likely to learn from official sources. Essential reading."
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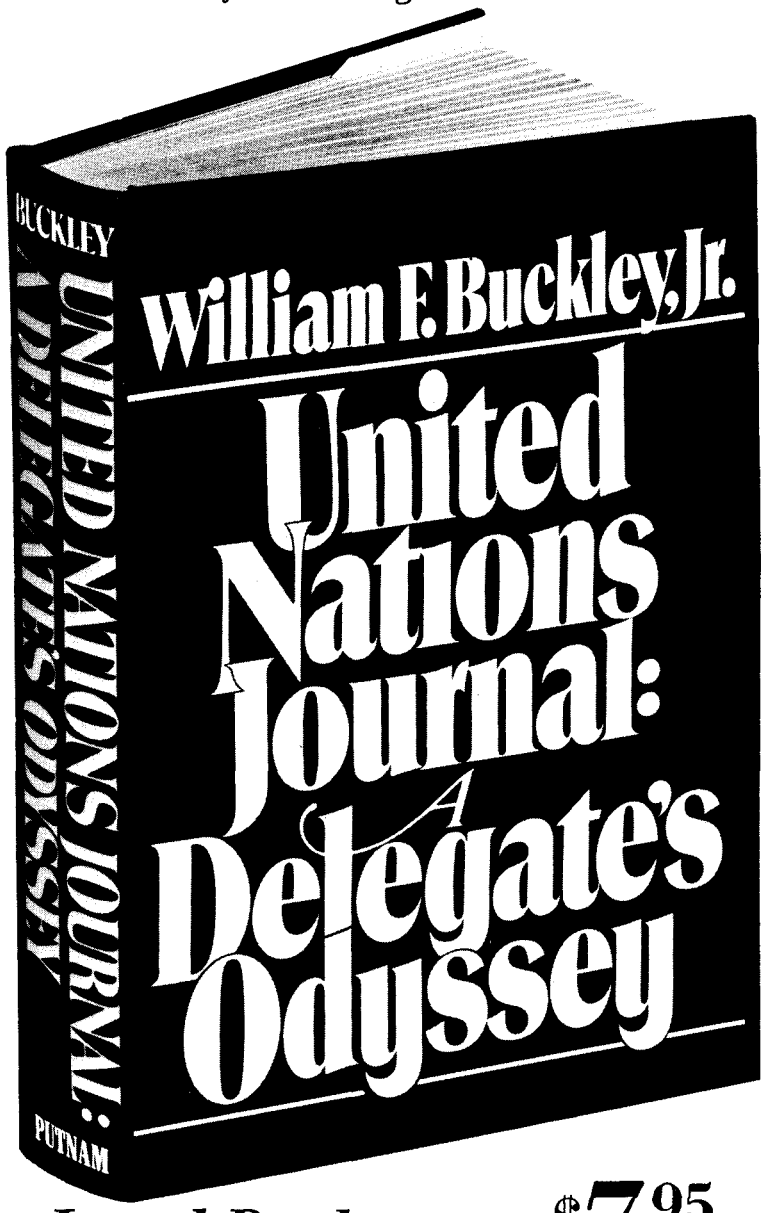

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(Continued from page 1324)

Mount would have done better to suggest alternatives to Fest's approach, which has its counterpart in American conservatives' need to label Hitler radical (though he clearly was in some respects), and to defend parts of his following from guilt by association.

Washington, D.C. G. MICHAEL TUERK

. . . and Legitimacy

Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's article "Kissinger on Legitimacy" [August 16] puts forth the thesis that the Congress of Vienna was a perfect act leading to the restoration of "legitimate" autocracies such as the Hohenzollerns, Habsburgs, and Romanovs. This unholy alliance prevented for almost a hundred years another world war on a Napoleonic scale, but it did not prevent other bloody wars: the Crimean (1853-56), Franco-Prussian (1870), Russo-Japanese (1904-05), and countless revolutions and national uprisings directed against these "legitimate" despots.

The author says that for Switzerland the legitimate form of government is the federal republic; for Bavaria it is the monarchy. Exhibit number one—no contest. But what about Bavaria? How about crazy Louis II (1864-86)? Was he really the legitimate choice of the people? I cannot evaluate the feelings of Bavarians in the last century, for I was not around. But I did see, in Bavaria, great enthusiasm for Adolf Hitler in the years 1932-36. Was Hitler's government "illegitimate"? Using Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's criteria, we should recognize Hitler's gang as a legitimate government, one of those which "are considered by their subjects or citizens to be as natural as the air they breathe . . ." And they surely breathed Hitler until they could not stand the stench of decomposed Germany.

Gardena, Calif. ROMAN MAKAREWICZ

Corrections

Re David Brudnoy's excellent "Fear and Loathing in Boston" [Oct. 25], he claims that "the suburbs have . . . been spared busing by virtue of a recent Supreme Court decision affecting the Richmond, Virginia schools." I believe he means Detroit, Michigan, where the vote was 5 to 4 to prohibit busing from the city to the suburbs. The five justices appointed by Republican Presidents voted against the busing. The Richmond, Virginia vote was 4 to 4, when Justice Powell disqualified himself, as he had previously been a member of the Richmond School Board.

East Rockaway, N.Y. JAMES P. DROHAN

I blushed when I read Mr. Buckley's kind appreciation of my photography ["Notes & Asides," Oct. 25]. I am very grateful for his words, but please allow me to make one correction. I did not spend any time in prison camps, nor was I even harassed too

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much. I decided to leave Czechoslovakia just after the Communist coup in 1948, but did not succeed in getting out until 1965.

New York, N.Y. JAN LUKAS

Les Comtés du Sud

I would like to address myself to Mr. George Edinger's contention that the Unionists have the logical right to decide Ulster's fate ["Letters," Nov. 8]. To argue by analogy, let us suppose that at some point in Louis XIV's wars, France had succeeded in conquering England, and that it sent over colonists from Normandie to tie down Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Hampshire, Dorset, and Berkshire. Our hypothetical colonial government encouraged industry in these counties, at the expense of the rest of England, and the imported Normans quickly became the absolute ruling class of the South Counties. Along about World War I, the rest of England was able to break free, but the South Counties remained in France's grasp, subject to French culture and French laws, with the French Catholics lording it over the English Protestants. Would an Anglophile then blame Northern Englishmen for wanting to reclaim the counties so important in their history, and the Southern Englishmen for wanting to be reunited with their Northern cousins?

New York, N.Y. PETER RUGG

Holier than Who?

Madsen Pirie's personal confirmation of the long known, rarely printed fact that the "tiny" tiger cages of Con Son Island are relatively large and roomy concrete cells [Sept. 27] casts an ironic light on the media's holier-than-thou horror at the very idea that anyone would ever attempt to lie to the American people. As Pirie shows, that's exactly what *Life* magazine did with its deliberately deceptive photo of one of the tiger cages back in 1970. And although resident Saigon reporters knew better (they had been visiting the prison for years before the *Life* story broke) they enthusiastically went along with the lie.

Since then the press has fervently resisted any attempts to quash its colorful, but highly inaccurate, horror story.

Bridgeport, Conn. GERARD P. KIRK

Where to Hide?

True, the Soviets' major accomplishments in space boiled down to lyophilization of astronauts and underwater spacewalks ["The Apollo-Soyuz Test Project," Oct. 25]. The people at NASA understand this, and if the American public could be told how dangerous this program is, it would end immediately. Since this won't happen, is there any recourse?

How about a sequel to Neal B. Freeman's "Where Can You Hide Your Money?" [Oct. 25] entitled "Where Can You Hide?"

Omaha, Neb. DALE and DON ORTON

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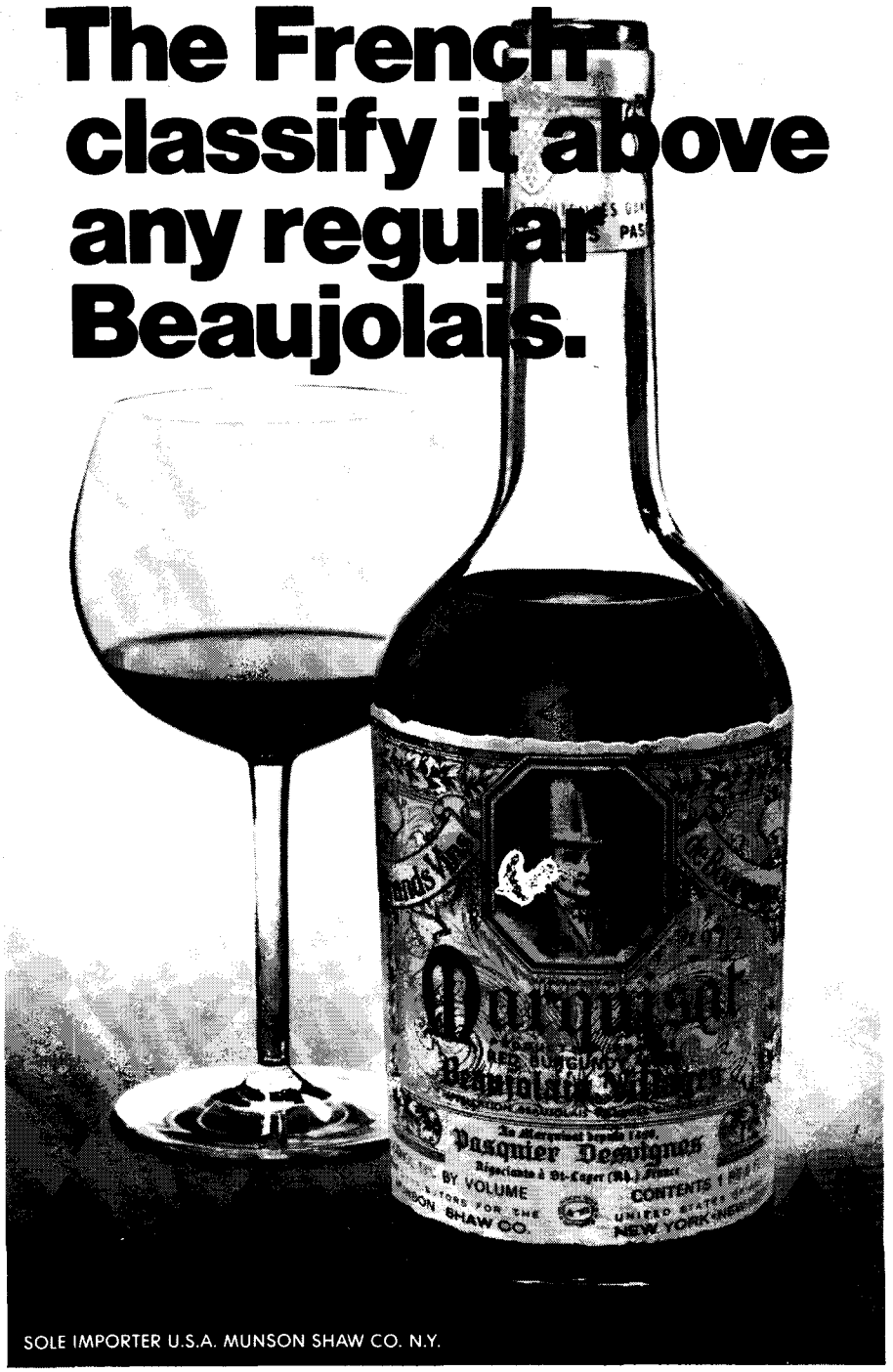

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THE WEEK

■ What ever happened to George Foreman? What ever happened to the emerging Republican majority?

■ Who says gun controls don't work? In Italy, which has more gun controls than Senator Birch Bayh ever dreamed of, police have confiscated 191 artillery pieces, 1,077 mortars and bazookas, 6,006 machine guns, 225,218 rifles, 84,414 pistols, 424,362 hand grenades, 2,740,542 pounds of explosives, and 55 million rounds of ammunition in the postwar period, not to mention a cannon, five mortars, 14 rocket launchers, 57 machine guns, 189 submachine guns, 16,427 rifles, 11,318 pistols, 90,720 grenades, 715,085 pounds of explosives, 136 miles of fuse, and 6.5 million rounds of ammunition in the last two years.

■ "Libertarianism," writes *Newsweek*, "has surfaced in this election year as an ideology matched to the mood of many disgruntled Americans. . . . Like extreme conservatives, libertarians believe in a totally free market economy; . . . like radical leftists, they would abolish all legal penalties for 'victimless crimes.'" The libertarians already have a house journal, *Reason*, with a circulation of 12,000, and a fledgling political party with 5,000 dues-paying members. Libertarian Party candidates in the last election were nothing if not colorful. Jerry Tuccille, candidate for governor of New York, sent a Lady Godiva through Central Park on a horse named Taxpayer. Sandy Cohen passed out wooden nickels in a congressional race in Poughkeepsie. Karl Bray ran for Congress, in Utah, despite troubles with the IRS for pleading the fifth amendment on his tax returns. As candidate Tuccille put it, "Our philosophy is pure Thomas Jefferson with a touch of W. C. Fields thrown in for irony."

■ Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve, has called for centralization and strengthening of bank regulatory powers. Burns is worried that "faith in our banks . . . rests unduly on the fact that troubled banks can turn to a governmental lender of the last resort." But the $1.75 billion in low-interest loans wasted on Franklin National would seem to be a better argument for reducing, rather than increasing, the Fed's powers. With depositors insured, there is no obvious excuse for offering loans to favored banks at below-market rates. The whole issue of bank regulation was explored rather thoroughly by a Presidential Commission in 1972. The Commission recommended relieving the Federal Reserve of the evidently distractive burdens of supervising individual banks and protecting small savers from the threat of earning too much interest on their deposits. Maybe this is the sort of regulatory reform Chairman Burns has in mind.

■ On October 31 Senator James L. Buckley (C.-R., N.Y.) gave a speech at the Overseas Press Club in New York, charging the Soviet Union with violating the SALT accords and attempting to conceal the violations from U.S. satellites that monitor Soviet territory. The *New York Times* relied on Reuters, the British news agency, for its coverage of this speech by the New York senator delivered at a meeting in New York, and spent less than five and a half column inches on it; the final two paragraphs of the five-paragraph story were devoted to Pentagon denials of the Buckley charges. Six days later, a full column story in the *Times* confirmed, in standard Pentagonese, Senator Buckley's charges. According to this report, the Defense Department admitted that there were "ambiguities" in U.S. reconnaissance information about the Soviet Union. Although a Pentagon spokesman said "we have no evidence that the Soviet Union has been violating" the SALT accords, this is the Defense Department's way, as the *Times* explained, of supporting the Buckley statement. After he delivered the speech, Senator Buckley is said to have discussed it with Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger. Schlesinger is reported to have verified everything Buckley said.

■ Formal negotiations on the Cyprus issues have been waiting on the November 17 Greek election. Meanwhile the logic of the Turkish victory and occupation works itself out without benefit of diplomatic sanctions. The Turkish army of 40,000 remains in the northern 40 per cent of the island. The Greeks who lived there have not come back. Many Turkish Cypriots from the south—and not a few Turks from the mainland—have moved into the formerly Greek houses and farms and businesses. The Turks have renamed the entry port of Kyrenia, Girne. Revising their previous position, the Greek Cypriot leadership is said to believe that a federation of separate regions administered, respectively, by ethnic Turks and ethnic Greeks is the best they now can hope for. Some wonder whether even that revision is not too late, and feel that what is ahead is probably transformation of the northern 40 per cent into an outright Turkish province. And if 40 per cent—some muse—can the rest be far behind? Meanwhile, the return Archbishop Makarios promises, or threatens, might precipitate another open explosion.

■ Antipollution policies were challenged by a three-year, $320,000 study sponsored by the National Science Foundation. The MIT engineers, Harvard economists, and Columbia law professors who wrote the study have recommended postponing tougher standards until 1980 to give the auto industry time to develop altogether new

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

When they opened the back door of that C5A cargo plane 20,000 feet over the Vandenberg, California test range, out dropped the heaviest thing ever dropped from an aircraft. The thing was a 43-ton Minuteman I ICBM and it landed on the Kremlin. Sort of. Actually, it dropped 8,000 feet, ignited, flew for 10 seconds, as planned, and then dropped, as planned, into the Pacific. But this test —the first of an airborne ICBM launch —took place the day Henry Kissinger arrived at the Kremlin to talk about strategic arms. The test notified the Soviet Union that we are well along toward perfecting an airborne deterrent. This will make it much harder for the Soviet military leaders to develop a first strike capability—that is, a strategic force capable of overwhelming our missiles in a quick first shot.

■ While the votes poured in, deciding whether Tweedledee or Tweedledum would be elected here and there, the politics of the next two years was being settled in Rabat, Morocco, where 21 members of the Arab League declared that the Palestine Liberation Organization shall be regarded as the "sole legitimate representative of the Palestinian people." This probably means: war in the Middle East within six months; with or without war, another oil embargo; an oil embargo that will produce a circus in Congress, as politicians respond to consumer fury about long gas lines by attacking oil companies.

■ The Institute for American Strategy has published a 209-page book by Ernest W. Lefever charging that the CBS Evening News—the Walter Cronkite show—gives "partial, slanted . . . and lopsided" coverage of defense issues, and by so doing, restricts public debate of defense issues. The study focuses on CBS news shows during 1972-73 and says CBS failed to give its nearly 14 million nightly viewers adequate reports about the development of new Soviet missiles. The Institute probably will file a complaint with the Federal Communications Commission under the "fairness doctrine."

■ What a tangled web we weave when first we practice to reform, with rhetoric, the consumption habits of a nation of 212 million souls. The President has been telling people to save more and spend less. Now comes the automobile industry, with an insight: if people spend less on cars, fewer cars will be sold, and this will not be good for the already sagging car business. "He urged people not to buy," said Lynn Townsend, chairman of the Chrysler Corporation, "and they're not buying." And if that is a case of cause and effect, then it also is a case of effective presidential leadership.

■ A lot of nattering nabobs of negativism have been saying that the Interstate Commerce Commission serves no function and should be abolished. But quicker than you can say "Fraud!" the ICC has functioned. It has ruled that the trucker who threatened to kill an ICC witness committed "fraud in its strictest sense."

—CATO

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and nonpolluting engines. The rush to clean up existing engines with catalytic converters is called an "unwise gamble" on a device of uncertain effectiveness and reliability. The industry, which is having a hard enough time trying to convince consumers that catalytic converters are worth their stiff price, wishes the three-year deadline on environmental research had preceded the deadline for adopting expensive and unpromising technology.

■ The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare is trying to launch another negative income tax. The new "Income Supplement Program" at least intends to replace, rather than supplement, food stamps, supplementary security income, and aid to families with dependent children (but not Medicaid or housing programs). The net cost, however, would still be $3.3 billion higher than the existing schemes, assuming a $3,600 floor under annual income for a family of four. Reform, whether of welfare or taxes, has apparently come to mean "more."

■ Soviet dissident Andrei Sakharov, in a message smuggled out to the West, has asked the World Council of Churches and Amnesty International to intervene on behalf of Georgii Vins, a leader of the Reform Baptist Church in the Soviet Union. Mr. Vins will soon be tried for the crime of accepting contributions from believers. When he is found guilty of "infringing the material rights" of believers, he will be sentenced to ten years in jail and those who contributed to his church will be fined thousands of rubles. In a second appeal, Sakharov asked the World Council of Churches and the Catholic bishops meeting in Rome to speak out in defense of six Lithuanian Catholics who were arrested for their beliefs. No response has been made by the World Council or by the bishops to either of Sakharov's appeals.

■ The Pope has made himself tiresome to Catholic liberals again by reminding them that he is head of the Church. Speaking to the 1974 Synod of Bishops, he added that it is "dangerous to speak of diversified theologies according to continents and cultures. The content of the faith is either Catholic or it is not." To which *Time* retorted that His Holiness is "apparently ignoring the theological pluralism of the early Church." Correct us if we're misled, but our impression is that the early Christian theologians were desirous less of being diverse than of being right. They might be plural: they couldn't help that: but they weren't pluralists. When in 1791 a Dr. Price urged the formation of new Protestant denominations, Edmund Burke said, "It is somewhat remarkable that this reverend divine should be so earnest for setting up new churches, and so perfectly indifferent concerning the doctrine which may be taught in them. His zeal is of a curious character. It is not for the diffusion of truth, but for the spreading of contradiction. Let the noble teachers but dissent, it is no matter from whom or from what. This great point once secured, it is taken for granted [by such as Dr.

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Levitation in Kansas

In August, he looked awful;
  September found him grim.
October papers prophesied
  They'd tear him limb from limb.
But as the leaves descended
  He inched up in each poll.
I never thought he'd manage it,
  And ditto Robert Dole.

W. H. von Dreele

Price and *Time*] their religion will be rational and manly."

■ "Amherst, Mass., October 25—The Student Senate of the University of Massachusetts has voted unanimously to send a telegram to General Augusto Pinochet of Chile demanding the release of Carmen Castillo Echevarria, of the Movimiento Izquierda Revolucionaria (MIR) of Chile." Reminds us of the Cherokee, South Dakota weekly which upon being apprised of the outbreak of World War I headlined its editorial: "Cherokee has its eye on the Czar of Russia."

■ Death of a language, college president division: a 20-year-old college student in West Virginia was shot and killed recently during fraternity initiation rites. The president had the following comment: "Bluefield State College has very specific rules, regulations, and policies under which all campus organizations, including fraternities, must operate. After a thorough investigation, it appears at this time that Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity did not follow the proper procedures."

■ This Crazy World Dept.: 78 cars were involved in a crash on a fogbound road in Kuwait the other day, but only 15 persons were injured. The reason: Kuwaitis buy, by preference, great big, heavy, sturdy, gasoline-guzzling American cars.

■ There Ain't No Such Thing as a Free Lunch, said Eastern Air Lines chairman Floyd Hall, in reaction to National Airlines' attempt to woo coach passengers by offering free drinks on New York to Florida flights. Hall said Eastern had to follow suit if it was to remain competitive, but he complained that it is unfair to make teetotaling passengers pay, through future fare hikes, for other people's drinks. This ascent into free-market-ism did not last long, however: Hall was soon hoping publicly that the CAB would put an end to the booze war, instead of suggesting, as he might have, that if the CAB stopped fixing prices, National could offer free drinks, Eastern could cut its fares, Delta could include Creole cuisine in the price of a ticket—and they would all find out how many customers preferred which.

■ Bet you know of several schools, organizations, or foundations which have had a miserable time trying to get tax exemption because of their conservative, patriotic leanings. Bet you're delighted to hear that the National Astrological Society's School of Astrology has been given tax-exempt status. Bet you agree the IRS is falling to Pisces.

■ TRAVEL TIPS. Take your musical instrument to Mexico if you wish. If you have to pawn it, you'll be permitted to visit the pawn shop once a week to practice. Don't order meatballs in Bangkok, Thailand, unless you fancy dog meat. When in Ketchum, Idaho, take your hat off before you kiss anyone. Leaving it on is illegal.

■ Vincent Trasov, an artist, is running for mayor of Vancouver, B.C., dressed as a peanut. His campaign consists of singing and dancing with Myrna Peanut and the Peanettes. "I'm sure people are as ready for one nut as they are for the next," says the candidate.

■ The joke du jour in California: "Who's a political nonentity?" Answer: "Someone who has failed to make either Nixon's enemies list or Rockefeller's gift list."

The Electoral Disaster

As expected, the Republican Party took a severe beating across the board—in races for the House and Senate, and in contests for state office. The usual Watergate-cum-inflation explanations may be superficial: psephologist Richard Scammon notes that the shape of the 1974 Republican debacle was discernible at least 18 months ago, or well before Watergate had serious impact. Others may see the roots of 1974 in the failure of the Republican Party to score any significant gains in 1972, even as Richard Nixon was achieving a spectacular 49-state landslide.

The 1974 electoral results demonstrate that the Democrats, for the time being at least, have been able to adapt much more successfully than the Republicans to the post-Vietnam era. Without defining themselves very clearly on the issues, they have come forward with an attractive assortment of new personalities, including some figures of potential national stature, such as Ella Grasso in Connecticut, Hugh Carey in New York, and perhaps Edmund Brown Jr. in California and John Glenn in Ohio. These have now joined already established national presences like Henry Jackson and Lloyd Bentsen.

In general, the Democrats succeeded in putting behind them the leftist extremism that characterized the McGovern movement. From the perspective of 1974, the Democratic convention of 1972 in Miami begins to look like a last hurrah of the 1960s, rather than a portent of the 1970s. Hugh Carey, for example, a congressman from Brooklyn for the past 14 years, succeeded brilliantly in bringing disaffected ethnics, Jews, and many socially conservative Irish Catholics back into the Democratic fold, and Democratic analysts are rejoicing over what they

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take to be the reemergence of the old big-state Democratic coalition.

In Connecticut, Ella Grasso is a symbol of the new—a woman in high elective office—but also a reassuring figure to the middle class, a nonideologue who, like Carey, succeeded in bringing disaffected ethnics and other once firmly Democratic groups back into the party.

The shift away from extremism by Democratic candidates had its amusing side, not least in the case of George McGovern himself, who was running for reelection against former Vietnam POW Leo Thorsness. Ex-McGovern campaign manager Gary Hart, waging a successful senatorial campaign against Peter Dominick, came out against gun control and in favor of capital punishment, while championing the environmental causes now important in Colorado. Birch Bayh actually ran for reelection on an antispending platform. And so it went. Campaigning as a candid extremist, Ramsey Clark went down to defeat in New York.

Despite this increment of moderation, which may be at least partly cosmetic, the 1974 election must be judged as tilting to the left. Though they projected moderate and reassuring images, it is difficult to conceive of Democratic winners like Grasso and Carey doing anything very serious about inflation, welfare costs, taxes, busing, or national defense. As Kevin Phillips points out (see "Slouching toward Bethlehem" below) powerful interest groups within the Democratic coalition, even as reconstructed, have a vested interest in federal deficits, rising taxes, and inflation. This leftward tilt in 1974 is reinforced by the fact that the surviving Republican candidates, with notable exceptions like Robert Dole in Kansas and Louis Wyman in New Hampshire, tended to be from the liberal wing of the Party: Javits in New York, Mathias in Maryland, Schweiker in Pennsylvania.

What this means is that the overall result of the 1974 election will produce a political establishment perceptibly to the left of the electorate as a whole on the crucial issues. Here lies the Republicans' opportunity, if they can seize it —or, if they cannot, the opportunity for a successor political party.

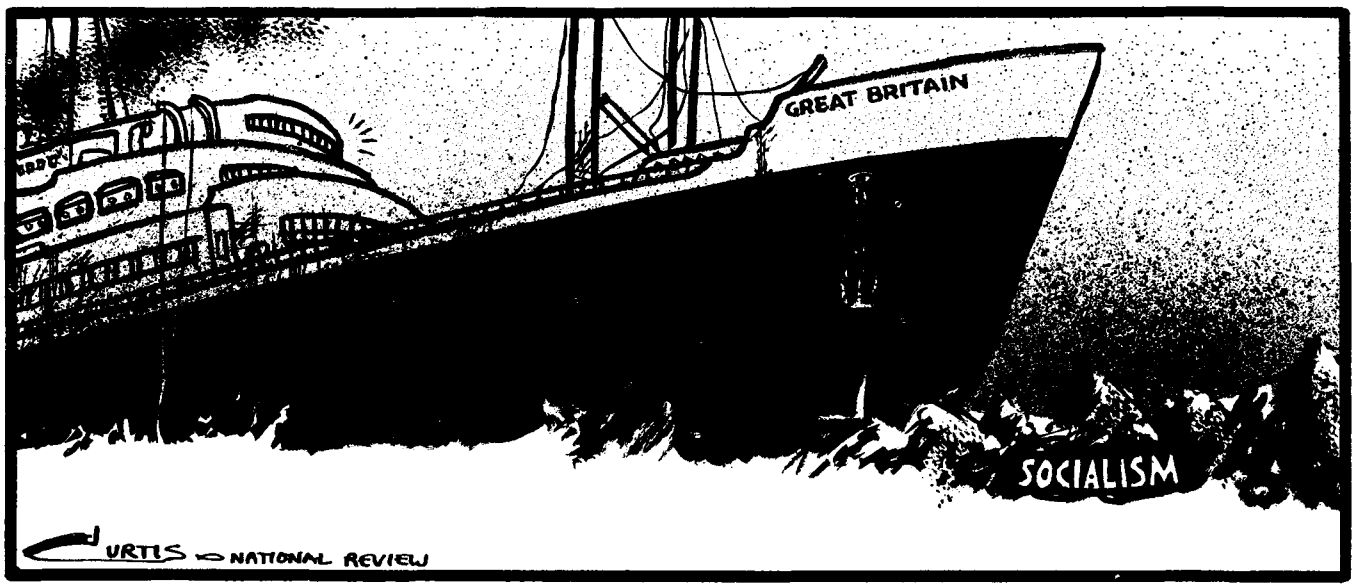
Signs of opportunity were present, even in the midst of Republican disaster. In the New York senatorial race, for example, Mrs. Barbara Keating ran as the Conservative candidate against Javits and Clark. Her budget was minuscule, but she came to the attention of the voters during the candidates' three-way TV debates, and she ended with well over 700,000 votes. She is an attractive and articulate candidate, and no doubt closer to the voters on the issues than either Javits or Clark. Barbara Keating could well represent the future, Javits and Clark being in different ways retrospective figures.

Where the issues are concerned, the task for conservatives in the immediate future must be educational. A good deal of confusion exists among the public on the essential political choices before us—the crunch, for example, where welfarist spending, inflation, and taxation collide, where the circle cannot be squared. It is ludicrous, moreover, that the two major candidates for the Senate in New York should present themselves as advocating a) an invulnerable Israel, and b) U.S. disarmament to the tune of $10 to $25 billion. The media did little to probe that particular contradiction.

This educational task will go forward, even as conservatives meditate on the longer term institutional implications of what has occurred during the past two or three years.

Slouching toward Bethlehem?

The birth of a new national party? The demise of the Republicans? Well, the usual objection springs easily to mind. People are always predicting the "demise" of one of the major parties. The Republicans were supposed to disappear after 1932, 1936, or 1964, and the Democrats were supposed to do so after the South broke away, or



"Full speed ahead."

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after McGovernism split the Party and it carried just one state. Both parties, clearly, possess a good deal of institutional strength, and even inertia works to preserve them. As George Will notes in passing (see "Capitol Issues," p. 1344), President Ford's campaigning this year will certainly do him more good should he choose to run in 1976 than it could possibly do for local GOP candidates. Ford will have some political IOUs.

Nevertheless, the conviction is growing that we may now be at one of those great transitions in American politics.

One statistic in particular will not go away. According to the Gallup poll, 59 per cent of Americans identify themselves as "conservative," while only 24 per cent admit to being Republicans. Several other professional polls show Americans to be conservative on litmus issues. In both 1968 and 1972, the presidential election produced an anti-liberal landslide. Yet the Republican Party not only fails to flourish, it seems to grow weaker, less certain of its identity, less responsive to the concerns of a potential national majority. This is not a phenomenon of the last year or so, and it is both deeper and more lasting than any Watergate effect could possibly be. In consequence, a number of thoughtful conservatives, some of them familiar to *NR* readers, have been reflecting in print upon our current predicament.

1. William Rusher, *NR* publisher and syndicated columnist, points to the fissure in the conservative majority, which the Republicans have failed to bridge: "So why not start afresh, in the year of this nation's two hundredth birthday, with a new party designed to bring under one roof all or most of those 59 per cent of the people who think of themselves as 'conservative'? Of course, it isn't as easy as it sounds. That 59 per cent includes voters who disagree bitterly among themselves on many important issues. Perhaps the sharpest single division is between what might be called 'traditional conservatives'—the middle class backbone of Eastern and Middle Western Republicanism—and the populists of the East, South, and West: the hard hats, 'ethnics,' blue collar workers . . . whom George Wallace has done so much to lure away from the Democratic fold." Rusher sees the conservative necessity to be the building of a "bridge . . . between the hard-nosed economic prescriptions of traditional conservatives and the lunch box necessities of blue collar America."

2. Jeffrey Hart, *NR* senior editor, reflects on Republican weakness as follows in his syndicated column: "The reason for this continuing [Republican] failure is that the Republican Party remains too exclusively identified with one segment of the middle class, the business interest, and in consequence the Republicans are distrusted by much of the electorate, and especially the blue collar voters and union members. . . . The trouble is that neither in their choice of candidates nor in their focus on the issues have the Republicans reached out toward a majority national coalition. Coolidge, Hoover, Taft, Dewey, Nixon: do these typical Republican leaders evoke a sense of empathy beyond a well defined and fairly narrow constituency? . . . Blue collar conservatives eye them with suspicion and aversion. Significantly, none of these Republicans—and you can include Eisenhower—had much of a domestic policy at all. Yet it is on domestic policy that enduring coalitions are built."

3. Viewing matters from a Southern perspective, yet moving toward the same conclusions as Rusher and Hart, Professor M. E. Bradford of the University of Dallas, a Democratic activist, recently told a Southern audience: "Until it is possible for us as conservatives to bring the Wallace electorate and the 85 per cent of Republicans who are basically conservative under one tent, without losing many out of either camp . . . we are compelled to be governed perpetually by the old familiar liberal apparatus. Nothing about this union is automatic. A McGovern can make it temporarily possible. But we cannot depend upon the availability of another such convenient adversary."

4. Kevin Phillips, author of *The Emerging Republican Majority* and a syndicated columnist, is a theoretician of American populism, and he contributes a valuable historical perspective to this discussion: "Bear in mind that historically, true populism has always opposed the newest Eastern economic elite—the one on the cutting edge of national change. In Andrew Jackson's day, that hostility was directed against the Bank of the United States; in William Jennings Bryan's day, against trusts and railroads; in Franklin Roosevelt's era, against Wall Street. And today, the new elite force provoking populist ire can be summed up as the 'Knowledge Sector'—government bureaucracy (larger than durable goods manufacturing), education (at $100 billion a year, bigger than oil), research, foundations, and communications (at $50 billion a year, bigger than U.S. agriculture). George Wallace has already singled out foundations, media, and bureaucracy as top

Anything Here for Us?

When Constantine embraced the Lord
(T'was quite a deathbed scene),
He headed toward a just reward
Complacent and serene.
337 was the year;
The government looked strong.
The heathen bowed before the bier
As people who belong.
But like a package loosely tied,
The fabric frayed away.
The army turned to regicide;
St. Augustine, to pray.
Before a century had passed,
The Romans got the sack.
Some say the Vandals stood aghast
Amidst the bric-a-brac.

W. H. von Dreele

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The Easy Way to Save Lots of Gasoline

Two simple steps will do the job:

1. Put a dollar a gallon federal tax on all gasoline used by noncommercial and nonagricultural vehicles.

2. Deduct the same amount of money raised by this gasoline surtax from the tax paid by lower income taxpayers. After estimating each year what the total amount of the gasoline surtax would be, the balancing income tax deduction could be handled by any of several simple adjustments: by a suitably calculated increase in the personal exemption for lower income taxpayers, for example, or by a percentage deduction from the net amount of tax due as calculated on the standard form (the mathematical reverse of the surtax that has been imposed in certain past years).

Step 1 would assure an immediate big reduction in the use of gasoline. For the longer run it would bring about, or help bring, changes in transport hardware and habits: smaller, more efficient cars; greater use of mass transit; more car pools; more attention to the query, "Is this auto trip necessary?" Some of the adjustments would be temporarily painful, but nothing essential to the reasonable well-being of the country would be jeopardized. The positive result would be a huge savings—measured in hundreds of millions of barrels a year—in our national consumption of petroleum.

Step 2 would serve two purposes: since the tax rebate would balance the surtax levied under Step 1, the two combined would have no fiscal or monetary effect. Unlike all other proposals currently under consideration, the combination thus constitutes a narrowly targeted as well as effective conservation measure that can be supported independently of differing views on fiscal and monetary policy. Step 2, in addition, meets the political and moral (and often demagogic) objection to "putting the burden on the poor." Both rich and poor would be inconvenienced by the higher cost of gasoline (though it would still be lower than in most countries), but there would be no reduction in the total net income of the lower income groups. In fact, the combined measure would throw the entire money burden on the higher income groups, and should thus please even our neopopulists.

This combined measure has a further and extraordinary advantage. Again unlike all other proposals, it does not require any new bureaucratic apparatus or any new administrative expenses. There already being a federal gasoline tax, raising it to a dollar requires only the decision. A couple of the government's statisticians could work out the income tax modification in a few hours.

Last winter's sudden oil embargo demonstrated what should have been understood without it: that our national security and well-being are endangered if we are dependent on energy sources that we do not control, as we have become in the past generation through increasing reliance on foreign sources of petroleum. There are in principle only two ways to eliminate this danger: by reducing our consumption of energy or by increasing our controlled supplies of energy. It is obvious and agreed that both are called for.

This combination here suggested would unquestionably accomplish a significant reduction in our energy use, would be simpler to put into effect than any other proposal, and would involve a minimum of governmental interference. If we are really serious about conserving energy, it might be worth a try. The trouble is that most of us are serious only about the need for the other fellow to conserve.

JAMES BURNHAM

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targets. Inasmuch as the efforts and self-interest of the Knowledge Sector are closely connected to the rising taxes, federal social spending, and inflation of the last decade, populist and traditional conservatives will generally agree on the invocation of traditional budgetary restraints against these extravagances. But at the same time, traditionalists will have to retool their free market economic theories. . . . Conservatives will have to adopt activist economics asserting the interests of their hoped-for blue collar electorate."

The discussion of these issues has now commenced. A recent volume sponsored by the Ripon Society entitled *From the Jaws of Victory* devotes a perceptive chapter to them, though it is suffused by the fear that the conservative coalition will be the dominant one if it can but find the proper institutional vehicle. It is clear enough, at any rate, that for two years we have been distracted by the Watergate spectacular from the necessary analysis of profounder Republican failures. There are some signs, perhaps, that the Republicans may learn to appeal to a wider constituency, which is ready and waiting—as is, also, the dustbin of history.

Our Peripatetic State Department

Headquarters of the U.S. Department of State has evidently been shifted, for the season at least, to the Secretary's 707. Henry Kissinger won the official traveling championship some while ago, but this autumn he is chalking up impressive new records. The Soviet Union, India, Bangladesh, Pakistan, Iran, Syria, Egypt, Jordan, Israel, Saudi Arabia, Greece, Turkey, Afghanistan, Italy, Rumania, Yugoslavia.

The length and variety of this itinerary suggest what sort of objectives Secretary Kissinger could *not* have had in mind on this particular journey, even if they don't altogether clarify what he did. These countries differ enor-

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by RUSSELL KIRK

This big, beautifully produced volume by *NR*'s contributor is one of the major bicentennial works. "More than lightweight inspirational reading, this is a most impressive affirmation of faith in American ideals and institutions." —*Publishers Weekly* $15.00

Modern France

by ANGELO CODEVILLA

France's authoritarian democracy is probed by a shrewd American observer who successfully predicted the rise of President D'Estaing, and the coalition of leftist parties. "A literate study of French government, politics, and society. . . . Extremely useful." —*Washington Star News* $9.95

Breathes There the Man

Edited by FRANK S. MEYER

Just before he died, *NR*'s senior editor gathered an outstanding collection of heroic ballads. They celebrate love of country, and the love of liberty, and they honor brave men everywhere. A great Christmas gift! "There are more expensive and fancy books on the shelves, but none will provide as many hours of fun as this one." —*National Observer* $10.00

A Tolkien Compass

Edited by JARED LOBDELL

NR contributor Jared Lobdell has collected penetrating analyses of the meaning of J.R.R. Tolkien's works. And a real bonus—this book includes an unpublished piece by Tolkien himself on the linguistic origins of the people and places of Middle Earth. $7.95

Whose F.B.I.?

Edited by RICHARD O. WRIGHT

M. Stanton Evans, Ernest van den Haag and others tackle the fanatic critics of the F.B.I., and demonstrate that the organization has performed well. Introduction by Pulitzer Prize-winner Clark Mollenhoff. $9.95

The Balancing Act

by GEORGE ROCHE and ALAN REYNOLDS/ ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

George Roche, President of Hillsdale College, assails the Affirmative Action programs that force schools to hire by racial or ethnic quotas rather than personal merit. Reynolds and van den Haag explore the deteriorating quality of Black Studies programs, and their negative effects on the ones they were to help. $8.95

The Twelve-Year Sentence

Radical Views of Compulsory Education
Edited by WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

NR's contributor has put together meaty ideas about compulsory education. The contributors say that compulsion damages learning, forces uniformity, destroys pluralism. "An instructive primer on the subject and, since both legal and general bibliographies are provided, a useful reference work into the bargain." —*Washington Star News* $6.95

The Golden Dragon

Alfred the Great and His Times
by ALF J. MAPP, Jr.

Alfred the Great fended off Vikings; re-established the arts, learning, and religion; founded England's navy; codified Anglo-Saxon law; unified England; revived English architecture; and almost singlehandedly organized the English language. This absorbing new biography is beautifully illustrated with woodcuts by Bruce Carter. $8.95

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mously in size, location, wealth, culture, power, color, belief, and practically all other nameable attributes. The problems at issue in U.S. relations with them are also very different: strategic weapons with the Soviet Union, food with India, war with Israel, Syria, and Egypt, oil with Saudi Arabia and Iran, and who can say what with Afghanistan. In a nation-hopping race such as this, it would be impossible even for a Kissinger to deal thoroughly with, much less settle, the diverse "substantial issues," as diplomats call them, in so many diverse places. And therefore, since the Secretary of State is a wise man who knows such things, it cannot have been his intent or expectation to do so.

What then? It is not cynical to suggest that one of his wishes was to get away for a while from Washington, where he has had to spend most of his time in recent months squabbling with Congress and the media; and to get away during the last several weeks of a midterm election campaign so disastrous for the Administration of which he is a prime element. He was, further, giving all those rulers and ministers he visited a message more convincing than any reports from their embassies in Washington—that in the person of its foreign minister, the new Ford Administration would be continuous with the fallen Nixon Administration. In the case of several of the visited nations—India and Greece prominent among them—Mr. Kissinger was also trying, and seemingly at least to some degree successfully, to put a little diplomatic salve on recent irritations.

East Minus West Equals Famine

The UN World Food Conference in Rome has inspired more rhetoric back home about how gluttonous Americans are, and how callous and niggardly in their aid to other countries. A familiar refrain within this theme is that "with 6 per cent of the world's population, the U.S. consumes 30 per cent of the world's resources." With those resources, however, the U.S. produces 48 per cent of the world's output, and is by far the leading exporter of grains. With 1/10 of 1 per cent of the world's population employed on our farms, we feed more than 25 per cent of the world's population. That is one reason why other nations are delighted to exchange their raw materials for our products, and why we "consume" so many raw materials in the process.

By contrast, half of the population of the Soviet Union is employed in agriculture, and the country devotes three times as much land to wheat production as we do. Though the USSR was once a net exporter of grain, it imported more food in fiscal 1973 than any other country in history—triple even the imports of India during the famines of 1966 and 1967.

As late as the 1930s, China was the source of nearly all exportable soybeans. Now, the U.S. provides over 90 per cent of the world's soybean exports, and Communist China (with 80 per cent of its huge population forcibly confined to the farm) has become an importer of our soybeans.

There are no property rights in the Sahel lands south of the Sahara, so the nomads have every incentive to overgraze and deforest before someone else does. As a result, the desert grows a little larger each year, contributing to the current catastrophic drought. The effect of massive U.S. aid to that area has, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, been partly thwarted by "delay, mismanagement, and profiteering" by regional governments.

In short, capitalist agriculture has increasingly been called upon to feed the people of nations whose economic policies are designed to discourage farm productivity. In the Thirties, Latin America, Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union, Africa, and Asia were all net exporters of grain—exporting twice as much as North America and Australia. Since that time, all have become steadily more dependent on agriculture from free market economies. We might have been able to fill even the current swollen demands had it not been for our own government's acreage restrictions and price controls.

Price supports generated massive surpluses in the West, which led among other things to $30 billion in U.S. "Food for Peace" handouts which discouraged agricultural production among recipient nations. Now that some exceptionally poor growing conditions (and economic policies) have cut the world surplus in half in two years, it has become fashionable to call them "reserves" and to note how inadequate they are compared to past figures. But it is costly to store food, and very unpopular with farmers who fear dumping to depress the price. The Committee for Economic Development favors U.S. reserves sufficient to "cope effectively with the short term consequences of poor harvests here or abroad." But there is no obvious reason why we should provide free insurance for the rest of the world.

Until 1968, world food production grew at about 3 per cent a year, while population grew at a 2 per cent

Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet

In this, the autumn of our discontent,
With Colorado gone to Gary Hart
And Brown the winner in a quick ascent
As California takes him to its heart,
It's time to put the horse before the cart;
Bass-ackwards hitchups simply will not do.
The old contraption's falling fast apart
Unless we to our own selves can be true.
I say, instead of parroting "Me too,"
Let's kill the echo, trumpeting a choice;
If Ford insists upon a bland ragout,
Perhaps the Party needs another voice.
So who's for ditching Jerry's one-horse shay?
I know a rig in Califor-ni-ay . . .

W. H. VON DREELE

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For the Liberals

A question has been nagging me
About our boys in blue;
They practice at the pistol range
Until their aim is true.
But when they come upon a thug
Indulging in a crime,
They hardly ever shoot because
They wind up doing time.

W. H. VON DREELE

rate. Then governments of the major grain exporting nations began to solve their chronic surpluses by paying more farmers not to farm. Professor Edwin Reubens, writing in *Challenge* magazine, finds that in Canada "1970 acreage of wheat was just half of the 1969 acreage . . . Australia's acreage of wheat in 1970 was only 60 per cent of the 1968 acreage. The U.S. figure for 1970 was . . . only 74 per cent of 1967." The United States and Canada alone, it should be noted, control a larger share of the world's exportable supplies of grain than the Middle East does of oil.

'The Palestinian Question' Comes Home to Roost

The two foundation issues of the Mideast conflict that has gone on since the founding of Israel in 1948 are: the existence of Israel as a nation and the existence or, better, coexistence, of a Palestinian nation. Everyone has been conscious of the first, although the Arabs have preferred to divert attention from it. The second has been, for most of the world, obscured or hidden under euphemistic formulas—"the Palestinian question," "the rights of the Palestinian people," and so on. For better or worse, the result of the Arab Rabat summit is to force this second issue unblinkably and quite probably permanently into the open. From now on, in negotiations—and fighting—concerning the Mideast the Arabs, including the Palestinian Arabs, will not be able to avoid facing the question of whether Israel has a right to all the territory it occupies, and Israel will, finally, have to face the question whether a Palestinian nation has the right to exist.

Israel's position that it will not negotiate with the Palestine Liberation Organization because it is nothing but a gang of terrorists is in the long run untenable. This is invariably the position of an established state confronting a revolutionary movement: of eighteenth century England toward the North American colonials, Chiang's government toward Mao's Communists, France toward the Algerian revolutionaries, Britain toward the Mau Mau, Portugal toward Frelimo. If the outlaw movement, by whatever methods, becomes the de facto leader of the peoples it claims to represent, then in the end—there must be negotiation. There is not a little hypocrisy in this "no negotiation with terrorists" position, by the way. The terrorist operations of the Irgun and Stern gangs in 1946-1948 were factors in bringing the state of Israel into existence.

True, the claim of the PLO to speak for the Palestinians is not yet firmly established. The most extreme Palestinian groups have recently denounced Yasir Arafat and the majority of the PLO leadership as compromisers and appeasers, and no doubt, as is always the case, many of the ordinary Palestinians would prefer to be left alone. But the unanimous agreement of the Arab rulers to recognize and support the PLO as the spokesman of the Palestinian people, and especially the decision of King Hussein to go along with this agreement, gives a support and structure to the PLO claims that will be self-fulfilling. The UN, as usual hypocritically, yielded instantly to the Third World pressures by recognizing the PLO's pretensions—and doing its best prematurely to legitimize it.

The Rabat decision has wrecked Henry Kissinger's approach to the Mideast situation. His program was to circumvent the two foundation issues, and to stage a long series of conferences that would keep things fluid and very gradually, bit by bit, get a little concession from one side in return for a little matching concession from the other. But from now on the forced confrontation with the overriding "Palestinian question"—that is, the question of the existence of a Palestinian state within the historical territory of Palestine—will make slow, bit by bit concessions almost impossible. Surely on this point Senator Fulbright was correct in his speech at Fulton: the United States will have to guarantee Israeli independence or the extremists will take over.

Kingsbury Smith, European Director of the Hearst newspapers, expressed the conclusion of most commentators after the Rabat decision that "a new war between Israel and the Arab countries is now virtually inevitable." It does seem that the only good reason for believing war won't come is the almost universal belief that it will.

Watergatism

There are two theories on how a criminal trial should be run. One theory, held generally by liberals, emphasizes procedure; the other, more often espoused by conservatives, emphasizes substance. The procedural theory is now dominant in this country, having been reinforced by numerous Supreme Court decisions. Complex rules guide the collection of evidence, its presentation in court, defendants' rights to polite warnings and free legal counsel, and assorted other aspects of a criminal trial. Innumerable appeals on a plethora of minor issues can be made. If a mistake is committed, the defendant goes free notwithstanding that no one at all doubts he

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was guilty. And justice, we have been taught to believe, has been done.

Comes now His Honor John J. Sirica into his own courtroom and the emphasis is shifted, and not subtly, from compliance with procedure to the discovery of truth. He has commented on how defense lawyers have cross-examined witnesses, he has allowed leading questions, criticized one lawyer's questioning technique, and made suggestive remarks about a witness' credibility. In fact, he has himself acknowledged that he is allowing "a little latitude" in admitting evidence, that he is not trying the case according to "strict rules of evidence."

The anti-Nixonites are gleeful at getting all the sordid details and seem to care less than they normally do about the rights of defendants. But conservatives should be wary of switching, or seeming to switch, sides on this issue: truth does relate to guilt as we have been saying all along.

Judge Sirica is after the truth and never mind that any convictions may be reversed on appeal on account of the judge's unorthodox procedure. It is ironic, of course, that in the Watergate trial, as in Watergate itself, procedural rules are disregarded in favor of substantive goals. Once again, as in so many previous trials, the defendants may go free notwithstanding their guilt. But this time the liberals, for a change, may be left wondering what is justice.

Notes & Asides

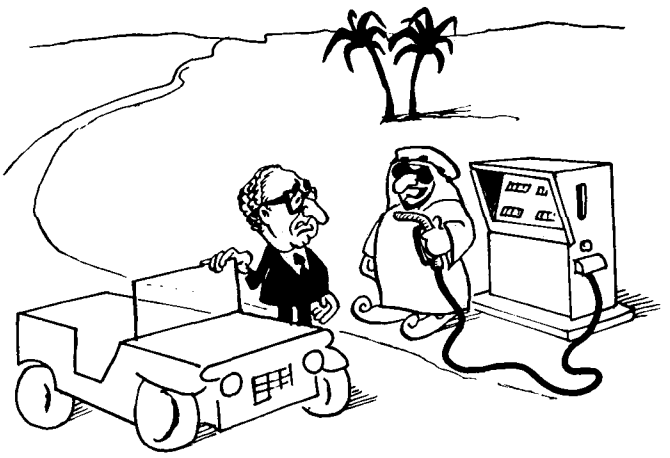
■ Dear Bill:

In a recent column in which you recounted a chance meeting in a broadcasting studio with J. K. Galbraith you wrote, quite in passing, that while you and the economist were conversing a *"lady theologian"* was on the air.

Reading that "lady" bit I was instantly reminded of Archie Bunker.

All in the Family, as you know, is the Americanized version of a popular British TV show designed to caricature the Anglo-Saxon bigotries and class prejudices of the lower class Englishman who is the last ditch defender of middle class Victorian attitudes.

Archie, the dock-walloper, like his British counterpart, considers himself a member of the superior race and sex. Archie is especially faithful to the genteel nineteenth century tradition that a gentleman is a man who refers to any woman who isn't obviously a trollop as a "lady," Archie speaks of "lady cabdrivers," "lady cops," "lady short-order cooks." His gentlemanly mark of respect for the "weaker" sex is, however, not altogether unmixed with disdain and resentment. Archie



Bac, *Allgemeine Zeitung* Rothco

"One liter costs one square mile of Israel, Mr. Kissinger."

makes it quite plain—all in the family—that "ladies" who try to do any "man's job" are really "amatoors" who have no business to be in the business.

Even Archie's next door neighbors, the "Eyetalian lady" and the "colored lady," cannot trifle with Archie's masculine sense of racial and sexual superiority without being instantly downgraded into "that female wop," or "that colored female," who are ruining the neighborhood. Archie seldom refers to a woman as a "woman." This is probably because he views women less as persons than as the reproductive and nurturing function of a man-made world, made for men. A "woman" is what goes to bed with a man, has his babies, and gets his food on the table. In Archie's sex lexicon the men are men, but women who are not "ladies" or "females" are "the girls" or "the wives."

Altogether, Archie is a crude but powerful master of what feminists today call "verbal sexism"—the patronizing putup or contemptuous putdown of women *just because they are women*. When Archie speaks of women in any social relation to men, he never puts them on man's level. For example, in Archie's world the women are sometimes permitted to bowl with the men. As Archie might tell it, "Us men give them female bowlers a good licking," or "Us fellers let the lady bowlers win a few offn us."

So permit me, dear Bill, as woman writer, former congresswoman, and former ambassador, to remind you that professional women today view the "lady" bit as a conscious or unconscious masculine putdown. And allow me further to suggest that my favorite man columnist (who is also a gentleman) should leave the use of "lady" as a sex classifier and/or gratuitous social status indicator of professional persons to the Archie Bunkers of the writing profession.

Affectionately,
Clare [Boothe Luce]
Honolulu

P.S. I am sending a copy of this letter to S. Porter, the economist, and to the gentleman economist you met in the broadcasting studio.

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Dear Clare: Your point is clearly made, and magnificently advocated. Henceforward I shall confine my use of the word to such references as "lady wrestlers," where the oxymoronic imperative clearly prevails. Love, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Having perused your brother's missive of September 11, I am, as advertising director for Iberia, U.S.A., actively considering various forms of suicide. Luckily the airline involved is Iberia and not JAL. Ceremonial hara-kiri, I understand, is a rather painful and gut-wrenching experience.

And speaking of painful, your brother's letter was just that.

Here is an airline that is literally turning itself inside out to improve its service. Having just returned from Madrid—yesterday afternoon, in fact—I can attest to the seriousness of their efforts. The service was dignified and attentive, the food excellent. I was supplied not only with the slippers your brother refers to, but with eyeshades for a postprandial siesta. Among the other delights of the journey were a chilled glass of excellent sherry before takeoff, the first decent vodka martini I have ever had on an airplane, honest-to-goodness fresh Russian caviar, a sumptuous lobster thermidor, an impressive array of desserts, cheeses, and fruit, all in the friendly companionship of a fine dry wine and an absolutely soul-warming red Rioja. I was further presented with several small souvenirs as well as with a kit containing toiletries of various kinds. And, si señor, the proverbial hot towel, dowsed in Lavanda Puig.

The movie was *Forty Carats* with Goldie Hawn. Apart from the original dialogue, one could even tune to a special channel on which Goldie spoke the tongue of Cervantes.

Now I ask you, Mr. Buckley, does this sound like the airline your brother describes with such passion?

The aforegoing must make me sound like a public relations person, which I am certainly not. Nor am I being overly loyal to a client. I am, however, sticking up for people whom I hold in high esteem, who are in fact very close and dear personal friends. And as one who by and large shares your views and thoroughly enjoys your writings and television work, I am merely trying to get some of my favorite people in the boat together—or should I say in the airplane? Your cordially,

Robert Lands
Compton Advertising
New York, N.Y.

■ Mr. Melvin Lasky
Encounter Magazine
London

Dear Mel:

Thank you for your invitation to comment on *Encounter*'s feature. Mr. Ball's amusing, and extravagantly comprehensive, essay on the differences between English-English and American-English fails, I fear, to do much more than document what we all know. I mean by that not that all of us knew the two forms in every given case ("pantechnicon" indeed! No wonder the lorry driver who came on was "articulated"); but that no one was surprised that, often, there are two forms. Even so, I think the problems are neither a) practical (really, no American I can think of, lying on a British operating table, would balk at the prospect of "lint's" being applied to his open wound, unless he had reason to suspect that the medication in question was an exclusive creation of the Minister of Health. And the Englishman in New York innocently expressing a desire to stroke his hostess' pussy would surely not be misunderstood, always assuming the reasonably conspicuous presence of a cat). Nor, b), literary. Perhaps there is an idiomatic literature being published in England the force of which I miss by reason of my ignorance of, or inattention to, the divergencies Mr. Ball is worried about. But I am serene about it, even as I read American works of great verbal inventiveness, not to say licentiousness. These, however, more often propel me to the serene conviction that, well before the bondsman requites his mortal toil, the neologisms will have reduced to a metabolically reasonable level of assimilation, than to that weightless alienation that so frightens Mr. Ball, moving him to encourage the production of more glossaries. I hope these materialize; but mostly because, as a free market enthusiast, I believe there ought to be a market for philology. I fear, besides, that the alternative is that typical patrons of philology will turn their energies elsewhere, in which case they would do more harm to society, than vernacularists are likely to do to language. Although as I say, these patrons are unlikely to get into trouble while visiting London or New York, philologists *can* keep them out of trouble by giving them glossaries and other diversions to wrestle with, occupying their time in intellectually energetic pursuits, and commensurately reducing the time available for devoting themselves to the dangerous business of seeking solutions for public problems. Yours cordially,

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

■ Dear Bill:

On the way to Heathrow last evening, to catch Pan Am 001 to JFK, just before the Great West Road turns into the M4 motorway at the Hogarth roundabout, one of Berry's giant motor coaches, jammed full of schoolboys, passed my taxi. In the rear windows were three hand-lettered signs held slightly askew smack against the expanse of glass by several impish teenagers. The first one said "SMILE," the middle one said "IF YOU HAD IT" and the third "LAST NIGHT." The young girls in the following Ford Cortina were all giggling. And what appeared to be two young male instructors in the front of the bus were reading intently as we passed—to the right, naturally. Frank Stanton

New York

—WFB

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Capitol Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

Convictions

TOPEKA, KANSAS—In this state the frugal burghers and hardy rural yeomanry, when they are not just frugal and hardy but also politically interested, lend their lawns to a nice, colorful custom. They plant their lawns thick with little signs distributed by candidates. In the final days of this year's election campaign some Kansas lawns sprouted bumper crops of such signs, proclaiming the merits of various citizens who, reluctantly but with a sharp sense of public duty, had decided to abandon the comforts of private life and serve their village, county, state, or nation. Among the signs advocating various Kansas statesmen were signs for a candidate (I do not remember his name or party) whose slogan was memorable. It went, John Doe has "The Courage of Your Convictions."

I don't know if that guy won or lost, but you have to admire how he played the game. All autumn cars passed those signs, and the drivers and passengers—Republicans, Democrats, liberals, conservatives, Bull Moosers, Bryanites, Bimetalists—were assured by the man's signs that he was prepared to be courageous on behalf of their convictions.

Donora, Pennsylvania, which used to be a steel town and now is a depressed area (and which is the birthplace of Stan Musial, so it deserves better from the nation to which it has contributed so much), used to have, and still may have, cheerful signs on the outskirts to greet motorists. The signs said of Donora: "Next to your town, the best town in the U.S.A." Is that an expression of civic pride or humility? Similarly, the sign with the Kansas statesman's slogan can be read several ways. Perhaps it expressed the post-Watergate morality. In this new era our politicians will still be cynical, but they will be candid, not cynical, about cynicism. And maybe such cynicism is not cynicism. It is just representative government reduced to the simple, puppylike desire to please. It is the politics of the empty men, who do not know what is funny about the story concerning the Alabama politician who finished a vigorous speech by telling his audience: "Those are my views and if you don't like 'em, I'll change 'em." That is having the courage of other folks' convictions.

Jerry Brown, the new Democratic governor of California, like Robert Redford in the movie *The Candidate*, is handsome and has a famous political father. He has promised to get California moving again. John Glenn, the new Democratic senator from Ohio, once orbited the earth and now, throwing caution to the winds, has come out four-square for candor in government and paying income taxes. Gary Hart, the new Democratic senator from Colorado, scoffs at the notion that he is a McGovernite. He says that the fact that he devoted two years of his life to running the McGovern presidential campaign does not justify the inference that he sympathizes with McGovern's political views. Colorado voters elected him, but only after he convinced them that he has the courage of their convictions against forced busing and gun controls.

REPUBLICANS contributed their fair share to the season's nonsense. In Poplar Bluff, Missouri, Republican Senate candidate Thomas Curtis caught up with his rival, Thomas Eagleton. Mr. Curtis had been wanting to debate Mr. Eagleton. When their paths crossed—not by accident—in the Poplar Bluff airport, Mr. Curtis grabbed Mr. Eagleton's arm. "I've finally caught you," said Mr. Curtis, launching the debate. "Behave yourself," replied Mr. Eagleton. "You've made the remark that I've misrepresented your voting record," said Mr. Curtis. "How about busing?" he pressed. "You voted 14 times for it, didn't you?" "Don't get all excited," said Mr. Eagleton. "I'm not all excited. I finally got you. That's what I'm after." Mr. Eagleton observed, "Now, Tom, you're getting a little tenacious, a little pugnacious, a little obstreperous." To which Mr. Curtis, spotting his opening, said: "You can't stand it, can you? You can't take it. You can't take the heat." You see, gentle reader, in 1972 it became public knowledge that Eagleton once underwent psychiatric treatment. (His problem was stress, some of which resulted from the 1968 campaign, when Mr. Eagleton first met and beat Mr. Curtis.) Mr. Curtis was suggesting that because Mr. Eagleton did not respond to his, Mr. Curtis', airport lobby ranting, Mr. Eagleton's emotional stability leaves something to be desired. When Mr. Eagleton left the airport and drove to a motel for a news conference, Mr. Curtis followed him, and sat in the back of the room shouting questions at Mr. Eagleton. Missouri voters spotted the case of emotional imbalance and reelected Mr. Eagleton.

Mr. Ford did his level best to help his party by campaigning. He didn't help anyone much and didn't hurt himself at all. Of all the dumb political clichés, the dumbest must be: "The President put his prestige on the line today . . ." Uh huh. By campaigning in Burnt Norton, Nebraska for Congressman Swaboda, a President risks prestige. What nonsense. No one expects voters to reverse themselves in large numbers on election eve because a President comes to town. In close races, a President's visit can make a difference. But people will turn out to see a visiting President almost as readily as they turn out to see a lynching or a train wreck. And win or lose, Congressman Swaboda and his principal supporters—the town fathers of Burnt Norton—will still be the Republican leaders in 1976, when Mr. Ford may want the Republican Party nomination, and when Ronald Reagan also may want that nomination, or may want to lure Republicans in Burnt Norton into supporting his third-party candidacy. The long and the short of it is: no one will hold it against Mr. Ford that Congressman Swaboda lost, and some important people will remember that Mr. Ford came.

But perhaps the most memorable feature of the campaign (aside from the Kansan's slogan) was the Republican Party's television commercial, broadcast nationally several times, which asserted that "the Republican Party" ended slavery (the commercial did not dwell on the contribution of the Grand Army of the Republic) and asked, "When has it been easy to be a Republican?" □

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SPECIAL REPORT

From the Pre-Election Road

JAMES BURNHAM

My wife and I, as is our wont, spent a couple of the pre-election weeks wandering here and there to enjoy the wild west wind and check on our country and countrymen. We drove about 2,500 miles, mostly in the mid-Atlantic states. I cannot report any startling discovery, but I transcribe a few impressions concerning matters of public import.

Politics. Writing this page three days before the election, I feel as sure as everyone except conceivably Gerald Ford that there will be a slaughter of Republicans, the innocent along with the guilty. But I did not notice the post-Watergate anger about which many commentators have declaimed, nor, indeed, any other passionate political emotion. More than in any campaign I have known, the outstanding feature of the political mood was indifference. I sensed no spontaneous political enthusiasm in any of the eight states we visited. I never heard or overheard anyone arguing or even talking about the election. Political coverage in the local papers and TV was as dull in substance as in prose. The candidates, unable to arouse any public resonance, went through their paces in mechanical routine.

Whether this indifference was the result of cynicism, disgust, sophistication, or laziness, it is surely a political fact of prime significance. My reflections on it took, at one point, an arithmetic form. The media will report that candidate X defeated candidate Y by a vote of, say, 55 per cent to 45 per cent. But this will not adequately describe the political reality. Only 45 per cent (or less) of the enrolled voters will have gone to the polls. Apart from the small number physically unable to go, the absentees will have been making a deliberate political choice among the options that the election presents: as among candidate X, candidate Y, and no-candidate, they choose no-candidate. The winner with 55 per cent of the ballots is actually the choice of only 25 per cent of the voters. With such a ratio we are getting close to the far edge of democracy.

Energy. There is no shortage of gasoline anywhere. The price is down considerably from last winter's: to 49.9 cents a gallon for regular at most independents, among them many in new or newly furbished stations with new brand names—a sure sign that the big companies have more gas than they can sell under their own logos.

I have read that gas consumption is down 4 per cent from last year, as against a rise of 7 per cent that would have been predicted from the long term curve. The reason for the drop (which is not visible to a motorist's eye) is obscure. Some say it is the price; others, the general recession or even a civic spirit of conservation. Changed driving habits probably have some effect. Few drive at the prescribed 55 miles per hour, but in many states the average is about 60 instead of the pre-embargo 70 mph.

Once more I was struck with the visible display of the automobile's integral relation to our social structure. Not only does every town now have its commercial strip and shopping plazas, but in many regions the towns themselves are dissolving. This process seems to have advanced even during the past year. We drove fifty miles or so on a narrow rural road from Danville, Va. to Eden, S. C. (both moderate size textile towns). The terrain was woods, pasture, and cropland. But the fields and woods had been pushed back from the road, along both sides of which houses had been built: not shacks or mobile homes for the most part, but pleasant enough ranch types sitting on sizable lots, often of an acre or more. I assume that most of the householders work in the mills, shops, and services of the two terminal towns, but self-evidently they cannot be part of a localized civic community in the traditional sense. In many areas the process is carried still further by locating the factory, also, in no-place.

All public and commercial buildings continue to be overheated by eight to ten degrees, a custom that must cost a million or so barrels of petroleum a day.

The Economy. Statistics are abstract universals, and their relation to existential fact is apt to be puzzling. The statistics show layoffs, declining GNP, rising unemployment, and other stigmata of depression. The averaged figures suggest a ubiquitous tarnish on the economic picture. Of course recessions don't work that way. The averaged figures are compounded of bad slump in some areas and industries, steadiness in others, good times or even boom in at least a few. The huge PPG glass plant on the West Virginia shore of the Ohio is shut down, but Pittsburgh's vast steel mills are still going all out—the age-blackened Jones & Laughlin buildings are even getting bright new paint jobs.

The outward state of the country we saw this autumn, except for the eternally damned spots of inner Appalachia, seemed pretty good. In the past few years lots of citizens have been repairing and painting their houses and planting flowers and shrubs. Old towns like Jonesboro, Tennessee's first settlement, are fixing up their handsome old houses and the nostalgic commercial buildings of their Main Streets. There are new fences, silos, and machinery on the farms.

When you look more closely, true enough, you see the signals of recession. Much less construction is in evidence than last year. Some plants are closed, quite a few with For Sale signs showing. Car lots are overfull. But when we arrived on a Wednesday evening at Lynchburg, Va., there wasn't a room left among the 350 at the two Holiday Inns. In Charleston, W. Va., a large chain restaurant still had plenty of customers when we had lunch at two o'clock. Americans have lost the awareness of how incredibly affluent they are. It is not only the ample living quarters and cars and appliances that are taken for granted as included in bare subsistence. In recent years the complex of expensive services—travel and "eating out" prominent among them—have also been transformed into necessities. A nation whose pet dogs and cats have a more nourishing diet than half of mankind is still some distance from economic ruin. □

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HAMILL VS. TURKEY

The Politics of the Poppy

NICKOLAS LUPININ

On JULY 1, 1974, the Turkish government announced that the cultivation of the poppy, forbidden since June 1971, was to resume. This measure had the support of all Turkish political parties and certainly of the poppy farmers whose traditional mode of earning a living had been disrupted by the ban. It was, in effect, a national mandate.

In America, the response was predictably negative. Politicians had a field day. Editorials called for economic sanctions against Turkey. Columnists like Jack Anderson pontificated solemnly. Others like the superdove of Vietnam, Pete Hamill, called for bombing of the poppy fields.

Turan Günes, Turkey's Foreign Minister, said: "I find the reaction of American politicians quite exaggerated." I must agree. My agreement is predicated on the suggestion that American ignorance of the poppy problem is as great as was the ignorance of oil realities before the embargo. What our politicians and newspapermen are doing is making the cruel and simplistic assertion that the cultivation of the poppy equals heroin for our kids. I'm afraid that is political coyness. It is far easier for us to shift the blame for addiction here on poverty stricken Anatolian farmers (there is no poverty in America to match theirs) than to take the concededly difficult political steps necessary to eradicate it. A society as permissive as ours is on light and hard drugs finds it easy to moralize about poppies halfway around the world. Drugs, strangely, are not a problem in countries (like Turkey) that legislate strongly against them.

Some facts about the poppy should be made clear. It is a plant that sustains a whole regional economy. Contrary to popular belief, heroin is not the only product. The poppy's black seeds are sold for baking purposes to Holland, Germany, and other countries. The white and yellow seeds are pressed and a cooking oil is obtained. The stalks are used for fuel. Leaves are used for salads. Pod shells are also used for fuel as well as for fodder and even for building material. They are sometimes sent to European laboratories where they are strained for morphine.

These items should at least point out the extent to which the poppy is utilized, which in turn shows how the poppy is integrated with the life of this region. (Incidentally, these by-products of the poppies pay as much as the opium, something that is rarely noted.) As Premier Bulent Ecevit said in his speech before the Turkish Parliament on the government's decision to resume poppy cultivation: "In Turkey poppy culture could not be replaced by any other crop to provide the peasants with the necessary means of livelihood."

Some misconceptions regarding the resumption should be similarly clarified. First of all, the resumption of poppy cultivation is on a limited scale and has been allowed in only seven provinces. (In 1962, 42 of Turkey's 67 provinces grew the poppy; in 1968 the figure was 21.) Second, cultivation is subject to permit. Strict controls have been established and, in fact, even those holding permits can sell their crop only to the government.

THE FACT that the resumption of cultivation is on such a small scale has been ignored by politicians and press alike. Premier Ecevit has stated: "In order that the health of mankind does not suffer from the results of this decision, we are open, in good faith, to the recommendations and technical aid of authoritative international organizations and friendly countries." Turkey already has asked the United States for assistance in combatting smuggling.

Pharmaceutical companies and medical laboratories had also been pressuring Turkey for resumption of cultivation. Opium from the Turkish poppy is the purest and the best for medical needs. The morphine base of the Turkish poppy is 12 to 15 per cent whereas the poppy from other areas that grow it (e.g., Mexico, Bulgaria, Pakistan, Japan, India, and others) generally averages 5 to 7 per cent. Most of the processing is done in Europe.

When seen in the light of these points, perhaps the question of the poppy can be discussed more rationally. It would be unwise to show a belligerence that will be all the less well taken because it is from America, whose position in Turkey has been under increasing pressure. A series of disastrous incidents (commencing in the late 1950s) such as the time an American soldier ripped up a Turkish flag, and such expressions of policy as Lyndon Johnson's club-wielding letter regarding the Cyprus crisis of 1964, a very sore point with Turks, have not helped America. Increasing attacks from the leftist factions have abetted this disaffection. And Turkey, a country always conscious of national honor, is not one to be imposed on. Since the Johnson episode, American demands have met with less responsiveness.

A rift in NATO's southeastern flank cannot be countenanced and, should it occur, can have only one beneficiary. Purposeless moralizing about the poppy must stop. Depending on what statistics one reads, there are some 9 million to 19 million alcoholics in this country. Are we to ban Chianti? Scotch? Will Pete Hamill bomb the grapevines Bordeaux? Or the Kentucky distilleries, for that matter?

A reporter asked Turan Günes, in view of the President's authority to cut off foreign aid and the congressional demands that he do so, what his reaction would be if this should occur. Turkey's Foreign Minister gave an answer that might be seriously pondered. "We, in Turkey, see American friendship as linked not to the opium poppy, but to more serious causes, among which lie great ideals and strategic factors. For this reason, as the government, we will only be sorry, very sorry. But if the Turkish public sees that Turkey's and consequently the Western world's defense is interchangeable in the view of the U.S. with a couple of thousand hectares of poppy cultivation, I fear that changes may occur in its feelings and thoughts." □

Mr. Lupinin, who specializes in Russian and Middle Eastern history, received his PhD from NYU.

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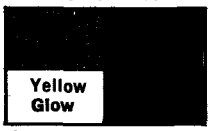

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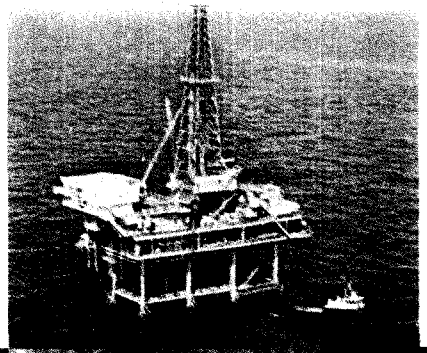

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LOOKING AHEAD

The President's opponent used to be the (conservative) Congress. Now it is the (liberal) media and bureaucracy. Conservatives, the author suggests, should review their ideas on executive power

The Presidency: Shifting Conservative Perspectives?

JEFFREY HART

It is obvious that Gerald Ford has tried to "de-imperialize" the Presidency and make much more informal the personal image of the President. In doing this, he responds not only to a widespread mood—which considers that under Nixon the White House became much too arrogant—but to a settled and received view among American conservatives, Ford himself included, who formed their attitudes during the 1930s and 1940s. American conservatives have been all but unanimously opposed to a strong and activist Presidency.

This received attitude among conservatives has been articulated any number of times, but perhaps most importantly by the late Willmoore Kendall, an enormously colorful figure in American intellectual history: child prodigy, Rhodes scholar, professor of political science at Yale, Stanford, and the University of Dallas. Kendall, in company with most conservatives, disapproved of a strong Presidency, and he made his case in a famous essay, first published in 1960, called "The Two Majorities in American Politics."

Kendall formulated the central struggle in American politics (and most conservative intellectuals of his generation went along) as a struggle between the President and Congress. Kendall (and most conservatives) saw this as, typically, a struggle between a "liberal" President and a "conservative" or—much the same thing, in Kendall's view—an anti-ideological Congress.

In the "Two Majorities" essay, and in numerous other pieces, Kendall reflected on the curious fact that "one and the same electorate maintains in Washington, year after year, a President devoted to high principle and enlightenment, and a Congress that gives short shrift to both." Congress does this, in Kendall's view, rightly: "the alternative would be national policies based on a wholly false picture of the sacrifices the electorate are prepared to make for the lofty objectives held up to them by presidential aspirants." The Presidency was the agent of the ideal and the Utopian; the Congress, the agent of the real.

Thus, like many conservatives, Kendall viewed the "strong" President as the instrument for imposing the liberal axioms by making end runs around the Congress. The Congress was the locus of resistance, usually successful resistance, to liberal initiatives. The liberal heresy (heresy because a departure from the essence of our constitutional system) posited a series of "great" Presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Kennedy—each of whom, wrote Kendall, "sees more deeply into the specifically American problem, which is posed by the all-men-are-created-equal clause of the Declaration of Independence. America will build a New Jerusalem which will be a commonwealth of free and equal men, free men yes, but especially equal men, and will cause it to spread over the face of the earth." If that task required the remaking of human nature, well, no task was too great for the "great" and, significantly enough, suffering Presidents. Mount Rushmore was the Olympus of these gods. One even began to sense, reflecting on Kendall's analysis, the presence of a quasi-divine Trinity. Washington was God the Father; Lincoln was of course the Son, his Gettysburg Address a second founding, his suffering and death redeeming the nation from the sin of slavery. John Kennedy, perhaps, was the Holy Spirit, his eternal flame at Arlington consciously suggesting this, his legacy the secular equivalent of spirit—that is to say, style. Thus, not merely the imperial, but even the messianic Presidency.

Meditating on the Presidency under the shadow of FDR, it was plausible to read the messianic Presidency backward into history, and also forward

Nor was Kendall alone in his sense of the expectations that attached to the Presidency. He did not applaud, but others did applaud, even as they agreed with him on the description. For nearly half a century, the powers of the Presidency have been gradually, and sometimes not so gradually, aggrandized. At the same time, a body of writing has evolved celebrating the "great" President, and urging him on to ever greater implementations of the liberal project. In a formulation parallel to that of Kendall, James MacGregor Burns posited two bipartisan parties: a Republican-Democratic "presidential" party, which was enlightened and liberal; and a Republican-Democratic "congressional" party, which dragged its feet. Descriptively, this was Kendall's "two majorities" thesis, except that MacGregor Burns saw the problem as involving the reduction of the obstructing

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I wish to argue, taking as my text the Machiavellian passage alluded to above, that the meaning of the Presidency in the American political equation has changed

power of the bipartisan congressional party. It would be supererogatory to review this liberal aggrandizement of the Presidency in detail. Richard Neustadt, upon the accession of John Kennedy, provided a kind of cookbook called *Presidential Power* for maximizing executive influence. In his books on Andrew Jackson, FDR, and John Kennedy, the redoubtable Arthur Schlesinger Jr. devoted full time to burning incense at the presidential altar. The message of all of these major Schlesinger works was that the "great" and "strong" Presidents had been the liberal heroes, advancing the sacred cause of, especially, *equality* against the special interests, the elitists, and so on. Presidents were the carriers of liberal democracy. Carl Sandburg was Court Poet.

This convergence between Kendall and spokesmen on the liberal side regarding the Presidency is worth pausing over. I submit that, as of 1960, and certainly during the preceding decade, such was a plausible perception of the Presidency. These formulations were made in the wake of the archetypal liberal Presidency, that of Franklin Roosevelt, the unique four-term Presidency, which, indeed, had expanded the power and the mystique of the Presidency for liberal ends. Meditating on the Presidency under the shadow of FDR, it was plausible to read the messianic Presidency backward into history, and also forward. As MacGregor Burns, Kendall, and others saw it—though they valued it differently—we would always have powerful liberal Presidents proposing, and reluctant Congresses resisting.

It is my argument here that this was an illusion. The ascendancy of Franklin Roosevelt was the product of special and transitory circumstances. Contrary to Kendall, and to MacGregor Burns, there is no permanent liberal presidential majority in the United States. It is highly unlikely in the foreseeable future that a liberal presidential contender can put together the disparate elements of the old New Deal coalition or even some analogy of it to form a liberal presidential majority.

It is my further argument here that there has been a fundamental change in the American political equation since Kendall and the other—let us call them the "first generation," or the '30s-to-'40s generation—American conservatives were formulating their perceptions. The old elements have changed their meaning. Powerful new elements have been added. To employ Machiavelli's terminology, the modes and orders of American politics retain their outward appearance, but their inner nature has been altered, and their relative weight in the equation changed. As of 1974, conservatives generally have been slow to grasp all this.

I now turn to the second half of my argument: where we are now, and where we ought to be going.

The lead editorial in the May 17, 1974 *National Review Bulletin* invited us to consider the profounder meanings of the Watergate affair. That Watergate possesses such meanings, argued this thoughtful editorial, "is sufficiently proved . . . by the prominence and length of its turn on the historical stage." Nevertheless, it continued, those "profounder meanings" have not been widely perceived. This editorial concluded with its own definition of meanings that go beyond the trivial events of burglary and bugging and abortive concealment: the "question, at the end, [is] whether a free, democratic, constitutional republic can survive in our era of wars and revolutions or must evolve, like its Roman prototype, into a Caesarist mass democratism, in which the leader bases his rule on direct contact with the masses, bypassing the intermediary institutions of legislature, courts, and local jurisdictions." I do not think that it is any real breach of editorial confidentiality for me to note that this is also the thesis that Mr. James Burnham has been urging, in one form or another, and with apposite historical analogies, in his regular column for NATIONAL REVIEW.

This editorial puts the question nicely. Is the Nixon regime to be interpreted as the latest example—fortunately frustrated—in the "Caesarist" (or, as Kendall would say, "messianic") development of the Presidency? That is certainly a perception of the issue with which conservatives, habituated to distrust of the Executive by both Kendall and the liberals who celebrate the "great" Presidents, would feel comfortable. There is another possibility: that the meaning of the Presidency in the American political equation has changed. As I say, Machiavelli reminds us that the political institutions of the state may seem unchanged, their outward appearances what they have familiarly been. Meanwhile, their real substance and political meaning can undergo drastic alteration.

IT MAY BE worth noting, first of all, that we have been witnessing a nice bit of intellectual comedy lately where presidential power is concerned. Even as the NATIONAL REVIEW editorialist was warning us against the "Caesarism" of the Nixon Administration, prominent liberals were sounding the same theme. For most of his adult life Arthur Schlesinger Jr. has been a sort of presidential hagiographer, beginning with his *Age of Jackson* and continuing through massive works celebrating Roosevelt and Kennedy. But here, mirabile dictu, was Schlesinger himself warning us against the Imperial Presidency. W. C. Fields had joined the Temperance League. From the precincts of, no less, Harvard University there have issued to universal applause the theoretical-historical writings of Professor Raoul Berger, which provide a rationale for greatly trimming the power of the Presidency. Examples could be multiplied; and one wonders whether we may not confidently expect the recantation of James MacGregor Burns himself, who has long seen *Presidential Government* as the way out of *The Deadlock of Democracy*.

It would be easy enough to say that in 1974 liberals desired to trim the Presidency because, in 1974, Nixon was President, and because, before Nixon, the hated Johnson was President. It would be easy enough to say that the liberals are merely waiting for Godot, and that when he arrives the doctrine will shift again. There is doubtless some truth to this, but I think that much more is involved.

I wish to argue, taking as my text the Machiavellian passage alluded to above, that the meaning of the Presidency in the American political equation has changed. True enough, we still have the three familiar branches of government—

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executive, legislative, and judiciary. Their outward appearance remains the same. But because of inner, structural changes, and because of enormous new factors in the political equation, the meaning of those three familiar branches has altered. I will focus on two such massive changes.

One long term change in the equation of political power involves the steady growth of the federal bureaucracy, which, though nominally part of the "executive branch," actually operates with considerable autonomy. The result of this development is that no matter who the people actually *vote* for, they end up being governed by the same semi-permanent bureaucrats and quasi-autonomous agencies. The officials at HEW who write the guidelines on racial quotas, the officials at other federal agencies who promulgate all manner of regulations profoundly affecting our lives and institutions, are virtually immune to protest via the ballot box.

At the present juncture, as a matter of fact, the only way these agencies can be diverted, cut back, or eliminated is through the action of a powerful President who is willing virtually to go to war within his own executive branch in order to carry out his mandate. The President, usually, cannot even fire a senior civil servant who is proving rebellious or obstructive; but if he is willing to do battle, the President can have him posted to Nome, Alaska, or some such place. He can do this kind of thing, however, only if he is strong enough to take the heat. At the beginning of his second term, and armed with his 49-state landslide, President Nixon was making modest moves to try to get the giant brontosaurus of the federal bureaucracy under some sort of executive control. Almost immediately, however, these efforts were frustrated by Watergate.

If the above analysis is correct, and I think it is—at least until the retirement of the present senior civil servants in the bureaucracy—then a rather paradoxical conclusion emerges: that if conservatives wish to get the "executive branch" behind policies they deem desirable, they can do so only by supporting a powerful and activist Presidency.

There has occurred, however, another change in the political equation even more important and probably even more enduring than the growth of quasi-autonomous bureaucratic power. This second change is of a quantum nature, and its full impact began to be felt sometime around 1960. We acquired in effect a fourth branch of government. The mass media—especially the major networks, but also the major dailies and the weekly news magazines—acquired to a larger degree than ever before the capacity to determine the focus of our public debate, and to focus attention on a given agenda. Looking back on the past decade, historians will note that, for the first time, the media exercised a kind of veto power over the conduct of an American war. Analysis of media coverage of the Tet offensive of 1968 will provide such historians with a prime case study of the techniques involved.

In the year 1960, however, JFK (as contrasted to the real John F. Kennedy) became our first entirely fictitious President

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Put otherwise, one event after another came into focus and acquired much of its importance and distinctive character as it was refracted through the media, from the civil rights marches of the early 1960s, through the campus uprisings later on, to, even, the Patricia Hearst/SLA affair recently. This year, sober analysis might have suggested that taxes, or busing, or national defense rank at the top or near it on our national agenda. For months, the media established "morality in government" as our number one priority. In addition, and again around 1960, the major media became increasingly oppositionist in their stance vis-a-vis existing attitudes and institutions.

The capacity of the media to determine the terms of the public debate gives them, at least for extended periods, a political leverage that may well be superior to that of a variegated and often ill-informed Congress. In Kendall's "Two Majorities" formulation, Congress acted as a brake on the liberal velleities of the Executive. Congress, deeply embedded in local and particular interests, was opaque to the liberal axioms. Congress specialized in saying no. It was, as far as the liberal axioms were concerned, a kind of im-

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movable object. But given the active, aggressive power of the media, their ability to affect the "input" reaching Congress from the constituencies, such traditional congressional passive resistance may no longer be sufficient from the conservative standpoint.

For the full entry of the media into the American political equation, the date 1960, as I say, is a good one, and highly suggestive, although like any profound change the media revolution had doubtless long been in preparation. In the year 1960, however, JFK (as contrasted to the real John F. Kennedy) became our first entirely fictitious President—fictitious in the sense that the image on the screen and therefore in the public consciousness was entirely at variance with, opposite to, the flesh and blood individual known only to his intimates. Kennedy was *par excellence* the media President. His candidacy was legitimized by the first TV debate with Nixon. Even his assassination and, of course, his funeral were TV spectaculars. Appearance, indeed, was the reality of his Presidency.

Hilariously enough, the media first unmade in 1964, and then in 1974 remade Barry Goldwater, presenting him first as Barry Strangewater and then transmogrifying him into our Elder Statesman.

AT THE TIME of the French Revolution, the media—in those days, journalists and pamphleteers, as well as the *philosophes* in the clubs and salons—became known as the Fourth Estate. This half ironic but also half serious designation implied that this sprawling institution, this "republic of letters," was in effect functioning as a fourth extra-constitutional part of the government. The recognized estates, the other three, were nobles, clergy, and commons. Nevertheless, and despite the relative slowness of communication in those days, the Fourth Estate played a key role in shaping the discussion of political assumptions, and in conditioning the perception of monarch and Church that would prove so momentous. The Fourth Estate was a prime engine of revolutionary energy.

In our own circumstance, the media have emerged as a vastly more potent Fourth Estate. It may be that in the long run the liberal-left bias of the major media can be modified. The networks, today, do operate in some degree of fear of the fairness doctrine. But for interconnected reasons I doubt that the media will ever be really hospitable to the conservative interest. For one thing, the verbalists and show-biz types attracted to media careers are, temperamentally, usually more attracted to liberal than to conservative ideas: Burke's noisy crickets, in contrast to the grave and silent cattle grazing under British oaks. Second, the media exist in the New York/Washington axis, a decidedly liberal environment. But there is a third and, as it were, structural reason for media liberalism.

You may have noticed that conservative ideas do not, usually at any rate, have a "vogue." They do not become the subject of fashionable chitchat, their progenitors do not star on the talk shows. It is possible, in contrast, to trace a succession of liberal "vogues." Liberal or radical ideas will glitter suddenly in the fashionable firmament. They will attract a good deal of attention and excited comment. Then, just as suddenly, they will fall and like Pope's lapwings leave their little lives in air.

Consider some of the liberal and radical ideas that have

been in vogue in the recent past. The early Kennedy years were marked by the promise of a technological utopia. The think-tankers from Rand and Hudson had banished the irrational. The fuddyduddies had been shunted aside by the best and the brightest. Cost accounting, computers, and scenarios dominated discourse. McNamara was rationalizing defense, the Lindsay administration would rationalize New York, Richard Neustadt had rationalized presidential power. In theology, the dusted-off works of Dietrich Bonhoeffer proposed a "religionless Christianity," and Harvey Cox invited us to live in the gleaming Secular City. Alas, an era in modern theology is about three years. After a few years all of the above had disappeared. The utopian hope was now transmitted by a series of charismatic revolutionary gurus: Che, Mao, Ho, Malcolm X, Frantz Fanon.

Then, poof, that gave way to another syndrome. More mystical gurus came on the scene, some from the East, others advocating life in a commune or otherwise close to nature. Charles Reich comes in here with his Greening of America. Utopia was ecological.

Now in a certain sense all of these currents were "interesting," novel.

CONSERVATIVE IDEAS, in contrast, and whatever else we may say about them, are not "interesting" in quite that way. Conservatives stress things like the essential unchangingness of human nature, and its flawed character. They speak of the limitations that reality imposes on the human will. They point to the lessons of history and experience. I think it is true to say that liberal-radical thinkers from Rousseau through Marx to Marcuse and Sartre possess a powerful appeal because what they propose is speculative and novel, whereas conservative thought—precisely because it describes reality—has about it an air of the commonplace.

Marcuse's doctrine that the West is "repressive" because it is "tolerant"—its very tolerance preventing revolution—is (whatever else you wish to say) interesting. The opposite idea, that the freedoms of the West, given the limits of human nature, represent a considerable civilizational achievement, seems banal in comparison. The second view is true, Marcuse's paradox is hollow, but there is a sense in which Marcuse is more striking.

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It is much more striking to be told by George Leonard *Education and Ecstasy*) that education will transform the hild than to be told by Christopher Jencks that it will not. : is much more "interesting" to contemplate Harvey Cox's topian Secular City than Edward Banfield's Unheavenly ity.

We thus arrive at the following paradox. The liberal-adical idea is "interesting" because it describes an unreality. he conservative idea often seems banal because it des-ribes reality. But the very novelty of the liberal-radical idea ives it tremendous impetus in a media oriented culture hich thrives on the marketing of novelty.

F THE ABOVE discussion comes anywhere close to the truth, ien certain consequences emerge as regards the American olitical equation, which now includes that electronic Fourth state. Of the other three branches, only one has the apacity to contest the mass media where the focusing of pinion is concerned, and that, of course, is the Presidency. : is fair to object that President Nixon had his successes ı enlisting support only for his foreign policy—the "Christ-ıas bombing," for example, as the media liked to call it—hereas he was much less successful in enlisting support for is domestic policy. To that it can be replied that, if he had ad a domestic policy, he might well have used the Pres-lency to enlist support for it.

I would further argue that, as the decade of the 1960s ore on, the liberal side was forced back on the media as erhaps the major reliable instrument of the liberal cause. s perceptive liberals recognized, electoral arithmetic had hanged. They can no longer count on the national major-ies that sustained those "great" liberal Presidents of the endall apprehension. The Court, too, has been slipping out of liberal hands, and perhaps will remain so for a long time to come. Congress, finally, has always been unsuited to ideological initiatives. In both 1968 and 1972, it is worth reminding ourselves, the nation in fact favored the antilib-eral candidate(s) by landslide votes.

From this analysis it follows that the key struggle in the American political equation will not pit "great" liberal Presidents against resisting Congress, as in Kendall's formu-lation. The key struggle, on the frequent occasions when a centrist or a conservative occupies the White House, will be between the President and the media, and it will be a contest over public opinion.

Historically, I submit, the Nixon Administration, what-ever else may be said about it, will be seen to have been the first to understand the revolution that has taken place. All along the line the Nixon Administration joined the power issue with the media, striking at it with Agnew speeches, using the presidential presence to dominate the TV screen at key junctures, as in the case of the bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong. Tougher and more private forms of pressure were also used. Naturally, the media struck back. The handling of the Pentagon Papers, and, particularly, the *New York Times*' techniques in editing them, will, again, provide historians with an excellent case study of the techniques of oppositional media warfare.

If the above arguments possess validity, then it seems both likely and desirable that the attitude of conservatives toward executive power will undergo a drastic shift. There is, after all, a long and honorable tradition of conservative advocacy of the strong Executive. The Executive, indeed, is the branch most able to undertake policy initiatives. Con-servative distrust of the strong Executive is a legacy of the "oppositional" phase of American conservatism, a legacy of the New Deal hegemony. □

Firing Line Guest: J. Alfred Prufrock

IR. BUCKLEY: Let us go then, you and I, to our visit with J. Alfred Prufrock,
hat decorous New England bachelor struggling to with-stand the shock
f middle age,
Vhile the eternal Footman holds his coat, and snickers offstage.
Ve all grow old . . . grow old,
Ir. Prufrock, but I'm curious about your intention to wear the bottoms of your trousers rolled,
ı reaction to this experience.
RUFROCK: To each his own, Mr. Buckley. Some people start using rense
n their hair; others decide to take a chance
n having their face or consciousness lifted. I find it helps to roll up my pance,
ake a stroll along the beach,
nd try to work up enough courage to eat a peach.
IR. BUCKLEY: A prickly pear I can see. Or a chocolate eclair with its fattening interior.
RUFROCK: The fuzz tickles my superior
ip. One thing you can count on with Mr. Eliot:
o teliot
ike it is.
MR. BUCKLEY: I'm glad he had the courage to speak out against a diet of tea and cakes and ices
As giving the strength to force any moment to its crises:
I doubt if there's enough nutrient in them to force a recalcitrant toddler to say please.
By the way, it's been rumored about that you are Prince Hamlet. Are you really?
PRUFROCK: No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord.
MR. BUCKLEY: One I suppose who gets so bored
He likes to swell a progress, start a scene or two?
PRUFROCK: I also advise the prince a bit when he is beginning to go askew.
MR. BUCKLEY: Not bad for a guy who's intimidated by a piece of fruit.
PRUFROCK: Oh, I tell His Highness ahead of time, look: I am no prophet, just an acute,
Undifferentiating worrier. Things like will my bald spot show when the prince has my head brought in upon a platter.
MR. BUCKLEY: No doubt for giving him poor advice on a national security matter.

—JOHANNES EFF

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OUT OF THIS WORLD

Death at Sunset

MALACHI B. MARTIN

ONE OF THE reasons that Americans today feel abused and maltreated is the rise of imperative vogues and trends which bid them turn their spontaneous reactions upside down—in the name of science, research, or modernity.

The latest trend bids us define and understand life and afterlife in terms of physical death and the process of dying. An army of psychologists, cultural anthropologists, ethicists, lawyers, theologians, social engineers, novelists, sociologists, and unspecialized commentators, who are to trends what camp-followers are to troops on the march, has rushed on to the scene. *The Journal of Death and Dying*, the Center for Death Education and Research, the Ars Moriendi Society, D&D (Death and Dying) study courses for nurses, nuns, priests, and ordinary folk—all these have sprung up within the last few years. Thanatology, the "science" of D&D, is here full-blown.

Originally, D&D were the exclusive province of the religions. But this monopoly was loosened by the decline of organized religion, the development of psychology, and the predominance of the scientific outlook.

In between the old-time religion and thanatology, there was (I stress the past tense) the deist and Toynbeean interlude which had its heyday between 1850 and 1950. It was an attempted heroic stand. Death may well be, as Toynbee jeered, an un-American affront to our inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But, if you knew how to take your medicine, it could be really lovely; you see, it was the beginning of the moonpath, our reentry into the Nameless, an afternoon departure, the darkening evening of life. And whether you nodded to Spinoza (death as absence of motion), to Schopenhauer (death as life's purpose), to Freud (death as the aim of all ego instincts), to Shelley (death as a flapping bird), to Matthew Arnold (death as a mad shepherd's flute), or to any of a number of others, the idea was that you strode across death's silent iciness with pure, clear courage; and, like any well-behaved pagan whose time had come, walked smilingly into the comfort of everlasting night and nothingness.

All this would have been at least as amusing as an old scenario for James Cagney where "tough" and "brave" were the simple catchwords, if human tragedy had not changed that cheeky smile into a grinning mockery. Crime, nuclear holocaust, overpopulation, local anarchies, and war debunked death and dying as man's privilege and showed them for what they were: frequently man's ultimate weapon against man, always man's ultimate indignity.

By mid-twentieth century, with the stark Darwinian supposition of biological evolution taken for fact and for meaning, it was a matter of brief time until death and dying were read in the tracings of present-day "descendants" from our noble "ancestors," the animals.

OUR PETS, it was pointed out, either die or are helped to die when continued existence is impractical. Some even creep away to a hiding place for their dying: birds under leaves, ducks in tall reeds, foxes and rabbits in holes, elephants in a jungle thicket. They make no frantic efforts to cling on, have no depression or loneliness, attempt no suicide. They just honestly die. Now, since we can learn so much from baboons about courtship, from greylag geese about marital fidelity, from gazelles about kindness, from koala bears about humility, and so on, why not also take a page from the animal book about dying? A good tool. With it, I can make it easier for "that stark, naked fellow, my soul" to meet my brother, Death, as Cyrus Sulzberger proposed.

Thanatologists claim to be the experts in using the new tool of D&D. Some have tried to cross the Bridge of Asses ("Gotta make dying seem a more humanized and natural part of life"). Some have taken refuge in a seventh century illusion ("Return to less selfish forms of religion, not stressing the promise of life after death"). Some have attempted arrant nonsense ("Death is not a defeat, but a part of health"). Some, like Krister Stendal who should have known better, i dulged in pompous errors: "The enc mous emphasis on immortality was n in early Christianity," puffed the Ha vard don.

The aim and the end of thanatolog as Dr. Feifel clearly sees, is that dea is transformed for everyone from Doorway into a Wall. The idea is help people reconcile themselves being cemented into the Wall with tl animals and other things. You ar others can die and be dead with muc more peace and dignity than otherwi possible. You can certainly have euth nasia minor (pull out the plug), ar possibly euthanasia major (an u obtrusive suicide). And even euth nasia *grosse forme* (don't pull the plu keep all functions going, define tl person as a non-person—i.e. dead- and "farm" his blood, his eyes, h organs, as recently suggested in a article in *Harper's*, about which mo in my next column).

That personal life after death cann be squared with the beliefs of than tologists does not—as they must be tl first to admit—make their views fact ally correct. Certainly, death for tl convinced practitioners of thanatolog is the end. Death is it. Thanatolo treats the life of the dying and the condition after death in terms of suc an end. But this view is hopelessly variance with our instinctive *human* r action: to think of dying and our afte death condition in terms of life. Eve when we say "I will be nothing aft death," we see that nothing as som thing. We cannot think of nothing, eve a dead nothing.

Apart from that, we have one insu pressible conviction and wish: to li forever—not necessarily as we are no but to continue in existence. Individ ally. Personally. And in our better m ments, we realize that it is spirit with us, not matter, which bids us ho trustingly and trust lovingly in an afte life.

(Continues on page 1371)

Dr. Martin is NR*'s religion editor.*

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FLEET STREET

Ink and Drink

COLM BROGAN

SIR PHILIP GIBBS called it "The Street of Adventure." Corny but not false, for Fleet Street and its immediate neighborhood contain the highest concentration of newspapers in the world. Fleet Street is to journalism what Harley Street is to medicine. It was from this district that the *Daily Telegraph* sent Stanley to discover Livingstone and *The Times* sent Russell to shake a government by his exposure of incompetence in the Crimean War. A young journalist from the Street, afterward famous, reported the first flight of the Wright brothers in a handful of words, not wanting to use too much expensive cable space on a stunt that lasted only a few seconds. Nearly every journalist in Britain nurses a secret hope of making it to the Street.

It is quite a short street, running from the Strand to Ludgate Circus. It is almost entirely devoted to ink. From the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Express*, to the *Catholic Herald*, the *Methodist Recorder*, the London offices of all the big provincial papers, to the Protestant Truth Society which offers Maria Monk and "Convent Life Unveiled," to Reuters and the Press Association, nearly every building serves the printed word. Even the statuary does the same. Outside St. Bride's, the ancient church of journalists, there are statues of Heminge and Condell, the men who published the First Folio, and at Ludgate Circus there is a bust of that later master, Edgar Wallace.

With ink, of course, goes drink, and the Street is well supplied. There is the Cock Tavern, opposite the Law Courts. There is El Vino, a rather snazzy place where one chair has a reverential plaque, proclaiming it the chair of the great Lord Northcliffe, who commanded half the circulation of the Street, from the *Daily Mail* to *The Times*. He died raving mad, with a revolver under his pillow which he pointed at his doctor. Then there is Mooney's, long, narrow, and nearly as dark as an American bar, with a room upstairs where a priest can sometimes be found drinking a pastoral Guinness or Jameson.

The Kings and Keys is the *Telegraph* pub and my favorite. When it was run by Sean, a veteran of the IRA, it had mirrors advertising Irish whiskeys that had not survived the First World War. There my dear friend Johnny Johnstone used to stand. His specialty was economics and industry, but he was learned in many things. He always carried Thucydides in his pocket. One night he declared, "Things have never been the same since the war." A young journalist asked him respectfully, "Sir, do you mean the last war or the 1914 war?" knowing that Johnny had won the Military Cross in that one. Johnny replied devastatingly, "I mean the Peloponnesian War." Johnny took the long view.

Then there was the Falstaff, where Ian Mackay of the *News Chronicle* was drinking with three friends during the war. A bomb exploded outside and the three dropped to the floor. Ian joined them, but not before he had drunk all four whiskeys. Ian took the short view.

Of course, there were many more pubs. Poppins for the *Express* and *Standard*, where a leader writer who was also a well known author wrote his leaders on the bar counter. One that he handed to the copy boy began, "Lord Beaverbrook is like a presentation clock. He is never quite right." The editor phoned agitatedly to the Beaver; the leader appeared. The White Swan, always called the Mucky Duck, catered for the *Daily Mail* and *Evening News* crowd, and the Feathers, next to the Temple, catered for a mixture of journalists and barristers.

But the pen falters and trembles in remembrance of things past. Where are the Falstaff, the Mucky Duck, the Feathers, and Poppins? Gone, all are gone, the old familiar places. So are many of the papers that supported them. There are boutiques in Fleet Street. *Boutiques* in the Street of Adventure! It is like having a show of Easter bonnets in a gun shop.

And papers are moving out. The *Manchester Guardian* now prints in Thomson House, Gray's Inn Road, and its Fleet Street office is closed. The very handsome office of the *Glasgow Herald* has been sold and space has been taken in an East End commercial block. *The Times* has moved from Printing House Square to Gray's Inn Road. This is roughly equivalent to the Pope's moving from Rome to Avignon. I am glad to say that shortly after the move a hundred thousand copies too many were printed one night because nobody on the spot could find the button that stopped the shiny new press.

Fleet Street is threatened with a fate worse than death—property development. The rent per square foot of space has risen enormously, and the *Daily Mail* has three large buildings on its hands. Most of the big papers are just scraping by or losing money. The temptation to cash in on the assets must be very great. So must the temptation for the small newspaper offices and agencies.

WILL OTHERS follow *The Times* to Gray's Inn Road, where the *Guardian* and the *Sunday Times* are already established, along with the London offices of Lord Thomson's provincial papers?

The prospect is as dreary as Gray's Inn Road itself. It is a depressed and depressing road, with dingy Victorian buildings. There is no sharpness or liveliness in the air. Even the journalists who work there tend to do their drinking in Fleet Street. The pubs are few and without character or charm.

I worked there for a few years in the Thomson outfit. Going there to work was as stimulating as going to an insurance company. The last time I went down the road was five or six years ago. Splashed upon a brick wall was the message: "Free India Now!" It might as well have been "Votes for Women!" or "Hang the Kaiser!"

Fleet Street is sadly diminished and worse may be yet to come. But the rare combination of drink and ink that is the Street can never be transported to the shabby respectability of Gray's Inn Road. □

Mr. Brogan reported on Bloomsbury's pubs for NR *two years ago.*

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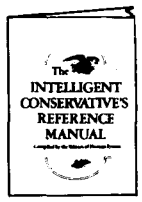

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"Contemporary" Literature

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

As ONE who often teaches contemporary literature, your servant does not think that twentieth century men of letters ought to be ignored in college and university departments of English literature. If by "contemporary" we mean important writing since the First World War, we have a rich body of poetry and prose to draw upon: Eliot and Yeats and Frost, for instance, genuinely are more relevant to the mind and art of this age than are most Victorian poets.

But this word "contemporary" and this word "relevant" also can signify ephemera and the subliterary. To satisfy the demands (or, rather, as a sop to the indifferences) of the countercultural youth on many a campus, courses in the study of detective romances and soap operas are coming to form the backbone of "contemporary" literature.

A Florida reader of this page, dismayed by reports of such curricula in literature, writes to me thus: "I read somewhere, a while back, that there was a lot of concern because many ghetto dwellers, mostly young women, had diets that consisted largely of laundry starch washed down with Coke. (The laundry stuff was mostly cornstarch, containing nothing toxic, but had no food value either.) I don't recall any nutrition experts suggesting we deal with the problem by offering more of the same, maybe including Coke and starch in the food-stamp program."

Aye, just so. Most professors of contemporary literature are not proud of this submission to "students" unwilling to study anything of enduring significance. One such is Laurence Donovan, of the University of Miami, who offers a new course in the literature of the detective story.

"This university, like many others, has to get students," says Mr. Donovan. "As you know, we're in financial trouble. We've had to lower our standards. You can't address students on a level they can't receive. These kids dabble. They slap stuff on canvas and think it's art. They think if they write something that's thin on paper and isn't in paragraphs, it's a poem." This trend, he declares forthrightly, "reflects a general collapse in culture, an abandonment of taste." Professor Donovan and his colleagues have fallen trophies to the Vandals.

Yet it is not so everywhere. Just now I rejoice in the title of Distinguished Visiting Professor at Hillsdale College, in Michigan—where I offer a seminar on humane letters and social thought. Hillsdale's department of English, small but sound, does not neglect contemporary letters: there is much attention to T. S. Eliot and Ralph Ellison, to name two names. Nor do my colleagues at Hillsdale neglect the relevance of the soul. The department's patron saints are C. S. Lewis and J. R. R. Tolkien—much to the pleasure of the college's president, George Roche, who found his way to Lewis through other disciplines.

To professors elsewhere who may be interested in teaching "contemporary" courses which are not empty courses, I commend a slim new book edited by the versatile John Warwick Montgomery (now at the International School of Law, in the District of Columbia). It is *Myth, Allegory, and Gospel: an Interpretation of J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, G. K. Chesterton, and Charles Williams* (Bethany Fellowship, Inc. 6820 Auto Club Road, Minneapolis, Minn. 55431; $2.25). The authors of the several essays are Edmund Fuller, Clyde Kilby, Chad Walsh, Montgomery himself, and your servant (this last on Chesterton).

This symposium is concerned with the employment of "the high dream," in myth, allegory, and parable, as a means for waking minds to the transcendent. The four fabulists discussed in this paperback are contemporary, relevant, and popular with the rising generation—Tolkien and Lewis particularly. Also they write with power. To their names, I would add that of Mr. Ray Bradbury, even more widely read by students in high school and college than any of these four.

Were I conducting a course in ethical fantasy, I would emphasize, too, two living British writers: Miss Jacquetta Hawkes, for her *Fables*, and Mr. Robert Aikman, for his several volumes of uncanny tales. (Alas, Aikman's tales are not yet available in America.) And I would include the later John Collier.

Would I teach the detective story as literature? No—with a few possible exceptions. Dorothy Sayers was a talented woman of letters and a good critic of Dante; but her stories of Lord Peter Wimsey should be read for idle-hour pleasure, mostly, not for close analysis in college; that is true, too, of Conan Doyle, much pleasure though he gave me in my youth. Something serious may be learnt from Chesterton's Father Brown; yet if one is to find Chesterton's talents in fiction at their highest, one turns to other stories—perhaps to those forgotten books of stories *The Poet and the Lunatics* and *Four Faultless Felons*. Chesterton, born a hundred years ago, has not ceased to be relevant to our present perplexities.

In literature, nothing is more relevant to our age than glimpses of Eden and glimpses of Hell. Even a good many countercultural students may be weaned away from the pabulum of soap operas and detective stories. As I conclude my essay on Chesterton: "The real world, the world of sanity, the realm of centricity and common sense, is made known to us through parable; yet once known, it is a most substantial world, filled with small precious things infinitely dear to the sane man. . . . G. K. Chesterton, decidedly a man alive, strove in parable to defend the hedges of that one spot which is Eden. If those hedges should be swept away, we would not find ourselves rejoiced by the elimination of limits. Instead, we should find ourselves bounded by the walls of that one spot, forever parched, which is Hell." □

A Little Learning

One candidate declares his views
In language comprehensible
To folks who count in ones and twos;
They'll think he's goldarn sensible.
His foe, who uses bookish words,
Has gotta be all wet or sick;
That kinda talk is for the birds.
The dope is using *rhetoric*!

—CORINNA MARSH

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Arts & Manners

CONFRONTATIONS

HUGH KENNER

My Interface with IBM

"IBM." The cool voice, alert but neutral. What it says is an opening merely; like P-K4.

"Sales Department, please."

"Yes, sir. Your name?" (I give it.) "Your company?"

First grit on the interface. I don't speak for a company, and this conversation isn't programmed for individuals. A man I know in Washington once dropped in expecting to buy an IBM typewriter the way you buy a cheeseparer: show it to me, if I like it I'll take it home. He might have been asking a Swiss Guard for the Pope's autograph. Surging of genteel panic. Memories scanned for procedures. (Has the Vatican a procedure for autograph hounds? Probably not.) Collecting their wits, they besought him to go back whence he came and call them up on the telephone.

BECAUSE the Rite is this. First a salesman comes, by appointment. He wears a white shirt, a broad tie, a quiet suit, and has nothing to show but brochures, production being so swamped no one can lay hands on a demonstrator. (But from IBM—Amen—who requires demonstrators? Does the Vatican arrange demonstration miracles?) He writes the order. Months pass. Production having at last turned up your punched card, one day an enormous carton is delivered. It is stenciled with stern warnings against attempting to open it. That requires a second appointment.

"IBM."

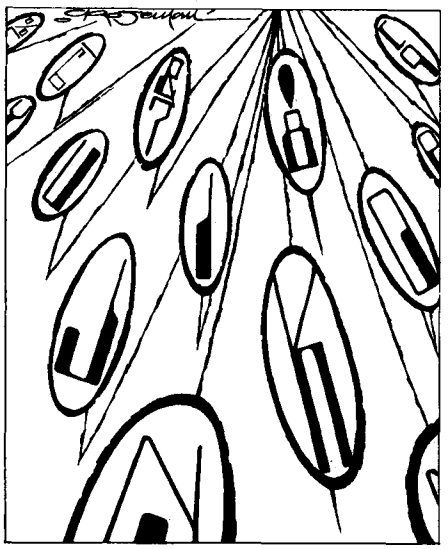
"Sales Department, please."

After the routine catechism—Name? Company?—you are instructed that Sales will call back. They eventually do. "I'd like my package opened, please."

"Of course, sir. Name? Company?"

. . .

And at an hour appointed the Openers arrive: white shirts, broad ties, quiet suits, both apparently named Richard. Their rite enjoins one of them to open the carton with a clasp-knife, the other to make amiable chat, fan brochures, indoctrinate the purchaser. (Which of them is senior, which acolyte, the purveyor of doctrine, the handler of hard-



ware?) The opened carton contains a second carton, opened in turn. Then molded Styrofoam and slotted cardboard, enshrining The Machine. It is elevated and reverently plugged in. It hums. A keyboard arpeggio, and the chromed golfball goes spinning and whirring, its black track of letters lengthening along the paper.

The chrome golfball ("We call it an Element") is the focus of all this ritual. It came into the world as a computer print-out terminal. Computers talk to themselves very fast but are nearly choked dead by the need to egurgitate something a person can read. One typebar accelerating across fully five inches, colliding with the paper, then subsiding five inches more to make room for its sluggish successor, that was fast enough for Miss Pothooks taking a letter or Mr. Hemingway fantasizing a bullfight, but agonizingly slow when the transistorized oracle has insights to stammer. Hence the Element. From about a quarter inch off the paper, it need snap forward like a pecking hen only that minuscule distance, spinning on the way to present the proper character. And the paper on a heavy carriage need not move; the Element moves, nearly flies. Its response exceeds the speed of human fingers, and when it's detached from its intended rational soul and hooked to a keyboard Miss Pothooks' fingers can strum, there's no way she can entangle typebars because there aren't any. Miraculously, moreover, for some reason or other transistorized virtue suffuses her and her output speed rises perhaps 50 per cent. It has many appeals.

And is now receiving skilled homage. Each IBM man has its litany at his fingertips. They fly: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the country." (Conceive the bipartisan executive session at which that last word was determined.) The Element skims down the line, a whirling blur. He strokes each row of keys leftward, rightward. He executes tricky little triadic sequences. The Element never stumbles. (Once I watched one of these virtuosi fill out a form on the keyboard from which he had just drawn this abstract music. Do bishops order hamburger in Latin? Required to find letters in unprogrammed sequences, he stumbled and stabbed for five minutes.)

You sign. They leave. The Machine has been Delivered. It is immaculate and was not conceived for human fingers, as it cannot quite forget.

So three days later you are calling again. Richard A. and Richard B. had each left his card. You request to speak to either. Pauses and clicks. One of them will call you back.

One does. You explain a problem: every once in a while, it seems, you g-t an unwan-ed hy-hen. Apparen-ly at random. Richard A/B is shrewd. Are you quite sure you are not hitting the hyphen *key*? By now, yes, you are sure.

Hugh Kenner, *author of, inter alia,* The Pound Era *and* Dublin's Joyce, *now teaches at Johns Hopkins.*

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You were xing something out, your inger near nothing but x, and midway n the row of x's appeared one of those ıyphens. One can sense his lips purs-ng. On the Selectric, it seems, it is not :xpected that one will be xing things ıut. Unlike most electrics, it has no epeating x. He retains his decorum. This is very strange. You had better :all Service.

"IBM."

"Service Department, please."

Service is genial. Why yes, that is a ɔeculiarity of the machine. What do ou mean? Well, the tendency to emit ın occasional hyphen is one of its . . . :haracteristics. Which cannot be cured? No sir, but it can be contained. By fine-uning the incidence can be reduced. A nan will be out. By appointment.

WHITE SHIRT, broad tie, but the name ɔn his card is not Richard C. (Scratch ɔne generalization.) He removes his :oat and opens his black case, neatly ïtted with surgical instruments and ubes of IBM Grease. On a quickly lismantled machine he performs deft ıeurological interferences. Though not ɔrecisely chatty, he does not withhold eplies. This machine (remember) was ıot designed for human operators. An ıtterly uniform touch is optimal for its :xpectations. When a key is touched oo lightly—"We call it Flicking"—hen Character Activate goes into action vithout Character Select, and we get ı hyphen. Something unwanted at least, ɔut one day they decided it ought to ɔe a hyphen, as the easiest goof to :rase. There is said to be a handsome eward for whoever can exorcise the gremlin. No one ever has. But on my ɔarticular machine, its frequency of in-:idence has now been minimized. His word was "optimized."

Yes, it is better. I get fewer un-wanted hyphens than before, though—apparently as a byproduct of his minis-:rations—more unwanted spaces (that's ı frailty I didn't mention; something to lo with my rhythm, apparently; my :lock circuits are deficient). Though it was not designed for the likes of me it types with sullen skimming elegance. And my speed is up 50—no, more like 100 per cent; if only my thinking speed rose correspondingly. Aeons ago, on another planet, they put a pen in my hand and taught me Penmanship.

When I stare about me for inspiration ("We call it Input"), I can read the yellow label down inside the machine: "WARNING: Keep personal objects (hair, fingers, bracelets, etc.) out of this area when machine is operating."

They haven't always affixed that label, and the other day I talked with an office girl who had bent over an unlabeled machine to exchange girl-chat with its operator. Her long blond hair was suddenly seized and pulled down. Did she have to cut it? No, they pulled out the plug and worked her loose.

Otherwise, imagine the service call.

"IBM."

"Name? Company? And what is the nature of the difficulty?"

"The Selectric is holding my secretary by the hair."

"Thank you, sir. Service will be calling you back."

To explain that the machine was not designed for beings with hair. □

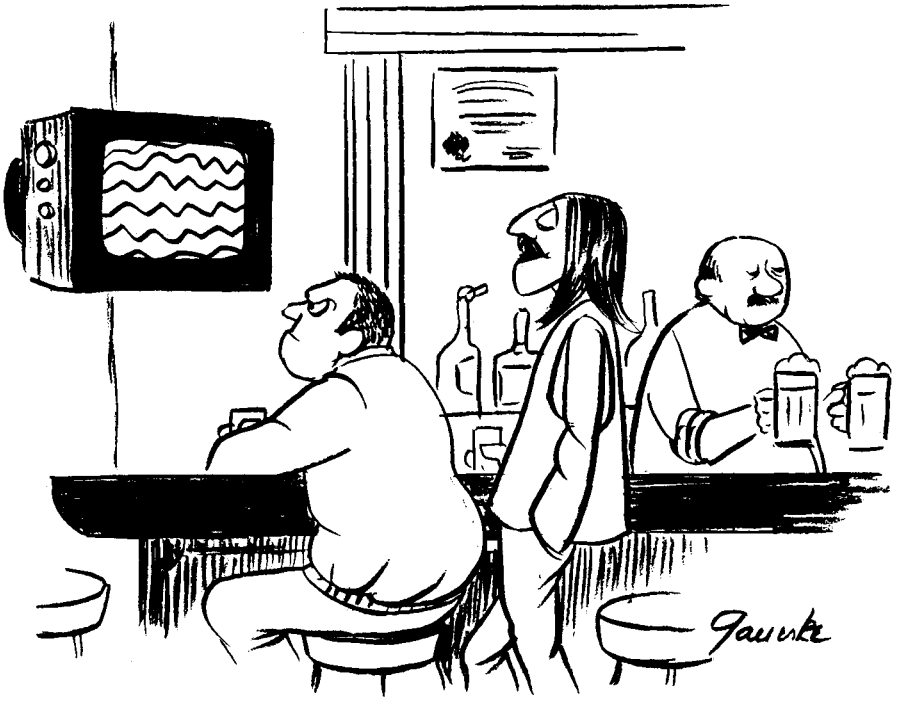
DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

How to Feed a Guest

"Guests, however inconvenient, must be honored" was my parents' motto. Americans live by this excellent sentiment so much more than Europeans, who are rather cold-blooded in the matter, generally speaking. How many Europeans take the visitor into the home when a restaurant will do? On the other hand, American women work themselves needlessly into a frazzle over guests. What gets them is what to feed the guests—this issue precipitates most of them into monumental despair, as I gather from letters and questions at lectures.

When it comes to making guest menus, one must shed preoccupations such as keeping up with the Joneses, whoever they are. Even more objectionable is the notion that the home kitchen has to rival a good restaurant kitchen. Books, magazines, cooking schools all have done their best to make people believe that you too can be an instant gourmet cook, when cooking, apart from a natural talent for it, is largely a matter of practice combined with good will. The best home cook cannot rival most great restaurant dishes because she or he doesn't have necessary items such as half a dozen basic sauces, shrimps, and oysters for the decoration of fish dishes, special machines to roll out sheets of chocolate, and so on and on. Mine is the European point of view that those who want to eat fine restaurant food should eat it in its natural habitat. At home, one should serve the dishes that are best made at home, such as unusual soups—peanut, sorrel, or *homemade*



"The Russians? Why would the Russians pull the plug on Marcus Welby? It's the CIA, obviously."

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chicken soup, now a rarity—freshly cooked pasta or rice with vegetable sauces, boiled dinners with vegetables that have been cooked separately rather than in one pot, and all the lovely homey fruit desserts that go under the name of Apple Betty, Blueberry Grunt, or Summer Pudding. Naturally everything must be cooked with the utmost care and the best possible ingredients.

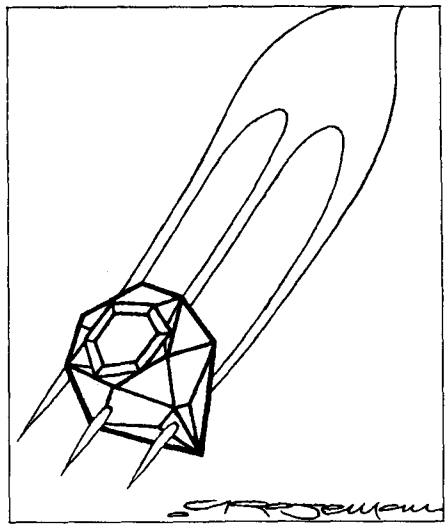
Another way of pleasing guests is to cook the food of their childhood for them. But I've discovered that nostalgia is not an accurate memory since it intensifies all sensations, so that I recreate a remembered dish rather than reproduce it. This means intensifying the flavors, such as the spices in a stuffing, the vanilla in a pudding, the raisins in a pie.

An even simpler way of pleasing guests consists in specializing in a few, very well done non-restaurant dishes. If they are really good, a cook needs to look no further—guests would be disappointed not to have Melissa's Minestrone or Gus's Stuffed Pork Chops or what not.

WHEN IT COMES to making a guest menu the starting point is the people who will have to eat it. If you don't know your guests' taste for sure, avoid exotic dishes and fish and seafood, no matter how enticing. And don't cook any delicate dishes, or dishes that must be eaten when ready or they'll collapse, for multiple cocktail drinkers. They simply won't be able to taste them. For them a sturdy stew or roast or the like. Also, don't waste your best wines on them.

I also think that far too much food is served at most guest meals, as anyone can see from what is left on the plates. A good starter, such as a well seasoned salad of peppers and anchovies, tomatoes in season, melon and prosciutto, or in colder weather, a vegetable and egg dish, or a soup or a cheese soufflé, is followed, in my house, by a roast, possibly potatoes and more salad. Then comes a choice of two desserts, one rich, such as chocolate cake, and the other a fresh fruit or fruit salad. What I want to stress here is that though the food is simple, I cook it with infinite care and the best ingredients I can find. As you see, the main rule is, Keep It Simple, but Super.

By the same token, it is ridiculous for a cook-hostess without servants to act as if she had some. A great number of excellent dishes are impossible under the circumstances because they



involve last-minute cooking or finishing. And who wants to know the hostess is standing alone by the stove (and resentful, as one gathers from testimonies), looking like a patient, tired saint on her return?

Another problem that has to be solved in a servantless household is the serving of the dinner. I do it by seating the people with place cards around the table. With anything over four people at a table, you *must* know who is going to sit next to whom. The food is on the sideboard for each to help himself; the salad and cheese and their plates are on a little side table. Dessert comes in after my husband and I have cleared the table down to the salt and pepper. I hate people helping me to do this, as they so often do, meaning it kindly but causing me acute distress, especially when they will stack dishes at the table. This horrible habit is enough to make anyone sick; even if it takes ages, dirty plates have to be carried out, one in each hand. It always amazes me how many utterly genteel people are insensitive to the sight of dirty plates sitting on top of each other.

After we have finished eating, food and plates go back to the kitchen since I have the kind of dining room with glass doors that allow looking in from the living room. If the doors were solid, I would just close them on the debris and cope with it later, since what I don't see doesn't bother me. I then bring in coffee and liqueurs, and I am happy, since a long time ago, I got over wanting to impress my guests in the game of oneupmanship which, far too often, is called hospitality. □

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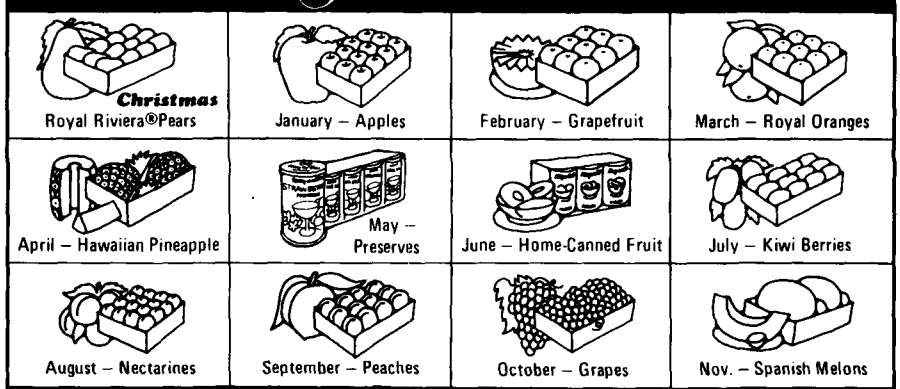

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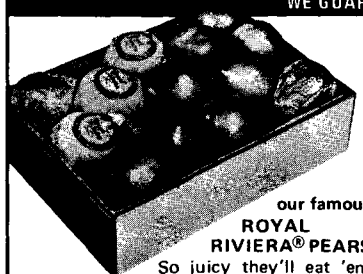

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BOOKS

Fine Writing That Irks

Something Happened
By Joseph Heller
Knopf, 569 pp., $10

D. KEITH MANO

I'm particularly qualified to judge Joseph Heller's second novel: the one fiction reviewer in North America who has managed, through toughness and constant vigilance, not to read *Catch-22*. This is probably the only objective review *Something Happened* will get.

Heller writes what I'd call the first person compulsive. His first person, Bob Slocum, is the sort of lapel-eating talker you come across in Holiday Inn bars at 2 A.M. Slocum's style, his whole schtick, is repetition. Sentences come in syntactically matched sets, like dinnerware: five will begin, say, with the same word; half a dozen will be draped on the same noun-adverb-verb armature. Slocum poses himself rhetorical questions, "What would happen if . . ." Then supplies rhetorical answers, "I know what would happen: nothing." He uses tautology as an ironic undertone. "The figures are photocopied on the latest photocopying machines." Bad jokes are labeled "ha-ha," for your convenience. He backspaces himself with interjections, digressions, contradictions. Indeed, half the text is prophylactically sealed in parentheses. *Something Happened* could be an Evelyn Wood primer. It taught me to skim. If you miss a paragraph, a page, a chapter, it hardly signifies, you'll catch Slocum's drift next time around.

And even when you catch his drift, it can't be trusted. He lies a lot; he is perplexed and ignorant. Though uncircumcised, he has all the prerequisites of a Jewish sufferer. The chapter headings go, "My Wife Is Unhappy," "My Daughter Is Unhappy," "My Little Boy Is Having Difficulties." These people, though real enough, are nameless; the nameless corporation he has been working for markets an unspecified line of items. Only the dead, the crippled, and his idiot third child, Derek, have genuine names (Slocum's co-workers are Green, Brown, Black, and White). The halt and the lame have an advantage; disability gives them character. Derek is an idiot, but at least he'd know who he was if he knew who anybody was (that sentence, folded on itself like a piece of origami work, could pass for pure Slocum: his approach to self-knowledge negates itself with qualifying clauses). The rest of his family, the rest of the world can't quite locate themselves/itself. You see, something happened, somewhere along the line.

It's Heller's 569-page business to isolate this event. Like an eighteenth century Preformationist, Slocum believes that Adam's semen contained perfectly formed tiny men, each with semen that contained perfectly formed tiny men and so on—a set of Chinese spermatozoa. The perfectly formed young Bob Slocum, optimistic and innocent, has been mislaid. Naturally much flashbacking is in order. Slocum tightens his sphincter lens on one period: the moment when young Bob was trying to make a certain admirably built woman in a certain insurance office. He blew it, and this piddling missed opportunity comes to stand for loss in general. He makes you accompany him again and again, and again again to the back staircase for a quiet feel that never matures. It's half a wet dream; the sort of dream overeating brings on. Slocum becomes semi-obsessed: telephones the insurance company to ascertain if his now dead girlfriend is still employed there, if *he* is still employed there. And he isn't. Could be the perfectly formed homunculus never was. As traumatic experiences go it doesn't give Oedipus and Jocasta much competition. But that's the point, I guess. This isn't a tragic age.

As an aside, so to speak, Heller's valuable talent gets showcased. He has an ear, God help him if it reflects his home life, for the terrible gyre-like conversations that occur in a family come unstuck. Slocum cannot tell us about himself. "My dreams are demoralizing. I won't reveal them. I have castration fears . . . I had a dream once —" There are many sad truths; we confess by proxy. "A vacuum cleaner that works well is more important to me than the atom bomb." He is funny: repetitions can be a device of humor. And though Heller doesn't know what happened to us, he knows what we were back then. Reading, I remembered three old girlfriends—who are they now?—and my dead father's favorite gesture caught itself in my hands again. This is an effect of fine writing; there's no other way to account for it.

And yet the book irked me. It's a prejudice I have against spendthrift effort. The fact holds: you can start *Something Happened* on page 359, read through to the end, and still pass a multiple choice test in plot, character, style. It isn't cricket, I understand that, to criticize a marathon for being 26 miles long. Great length is the thing's nature. Recapitulation, compulsiveness, flashbacks to the same spot, the treadmilling define Slocum's character and his milieu. But you and I, we catch on fast enough, 300 pages would give us the gist. Who needs that much gist anyway? *Something Happened* is overlong, a bit of an imposition. Maybe it's Heller's trademark. A friend once told me that *Catch-22*, in first draft, was *Catch-17*. I believe him. □

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Centennial
By James A. Michener
Random House, 909 pp., $12.50

MICHENER'S DELUGE

RENE KUHN BRYANT

Like a modern Noah, James Michener has not so much written as constructed *Centennial*, a vast and overcrowded Ark of a book designed to preserve for posterity representative forms of life from the American past that Mr. Michener believes are worth saving. A commendable motive and especially welcome in an age devoted to perfecting disposability. The results are another matter, since Mr. Michener has felt compelled to supply not merely the Ark but the Deluge as well. Whatever strengths *Centennial* may have as a novel are washed away in a surging torrent of information and instruction which ultimately drowns the interest of even the most determined and sympathetic of readers.

GOOD STORYTELLING commands the narrator to begin at the beginning. Mr. Michener, in a burst of literal-mindedness, takes this to mean somewhere just this side of Genesis as he lectures lengthily and learnedly on the geochronology of the mythical town of Centennial. He has placed this in a corner of what, millennia later, was to become the state of Colorado with the Rockies to the west, the great prairies to the east and the South Platte river skirting its southern edge. So lavishly is Centennial's geohistory detailed that it is page 112 before the year 9268 B.C. is reached and the first human character, prehistoric man in the form of a flint-knapper, makes his appearance. Meanwhile, however, the knapper has been preceded by prototypical specimens, in their correct evolutionary order, of the diplodocus, the eohippus, the bison, the beaver, the rattlesnake, and the eagle, all anthropomorphized to a degree that would make Uncle Remus wince.

Lame Beaver, an Arapaho, is the first of many Indians who populate these pages, and with his introduction, the pace picks up. He is also the first of some seventy principal characters of a remarkable heterogeneity from a stolid Pennsylvanian Dutch farmer to a dashing English adventurer. Mr. Michener overlaps their stories and interrelates them all both literally and figuratively in an intricately wound genealogical and narrative chain which he stretches across three centuries.

Mr. Michener's powers as a yarn-spinner are prodigious. His passion for reporting is unlimited. His facility in inventing action to illustrate event is unmatched. Thus, projected on a wide screen, a panoramic drama is played out, as they say, in living color, while scene by scene, act by act, the American West is explored, tamed, settled, and perhaps destroyed, although by the time *that* point is reached, even Mr. Michener's interest seems to be flagging and he is content to leave the future moot.

Trappers, traders, settlers, farmers, ranchers, cattlemen, sheepmen, homesteaders, speculators, and their women throng through the book as Michener tries to systematize history by projecting

prototypes. Unfortunately for his purposes, while the technique may work for geologic time and zoologic evolution, it is not applicable to human beings in all their rich contrariety and never-duplicating complexity. In short, Michener's characters are victims of his urge to instruct. They are cartoon-strip figures whose effect is to illustrate rather than illuminate, and it is on this fundamental weakness that *Centennial* founders. When it is impossible to tell one good guy from the next; when the bad guys are equally indistinguishable one from another; and when both could be beavers or bison for that matter, it is plain that as fine fiction, *Centennial* offers bulk but not much nourishment.

WHICH BRINGS us back to flint-knapping and tepee-construction and the history of the horse; recipes for souse and cup cheese and baking tips for sourdough biscuits; directions for modifying a flintlock rifle to percussion caps; lyrics of countless cowboy ballads and Mexican popular songs (kindly translated), and ancient jokes; the etymology of chaps and lariat and buckaroo; the uses of bat manure in sugar beet production; the year the Temchic Indians of the Mexican state of Chihuahua were converted to Christianity by the invading Spaniards (1609); and how many cusecs Mud Creek contributed to the South Platte river in a single afternoon in flood (446,000). *Ad infinitum* scarcely begins to cover it.

If *Centennial* was intended to convey anything beyond this stupefying mass of incidental information, it is that the forces which shaped the contours and the character of the land it celebrates, and the values and skills developed by the men who first knew it, merit our respectful attention. True and unarguable. But half a million words seems an ironically excessive number for what is essentially a conservationist's message. □

Eisenhower: Portrait of the Hero
By Peter Lyon
Little, Brown, 937 pp., $15

SUSTAINED SELECTIVITY

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

I had been hoping that the revisionist or New Left historians of the cold war had gone pretty much out of vogue: that they had been consigned as a body to that limbo into which such intellectual has-beens as, say, the economic determinists of the Beardian school and the so-called consensus historians of the Parrington stripe are all tossed sooner or later. Certainly the eager apologists for—nay, the champions of—a Soviet foreign policy constructed upon a domestic foundation of gulag archipelagos and tortured political theory were

Rene Kuhn Bryant, *a freelance writer, frequently reviews for this section. . . .* **Chilton Williamson Jr.** *is an editor at St. Martin's Press. . . .* **Dante Germino** *is professor of government and foreign affairs at the University of Virginia. . . .* **Willard Barber** *is a lecturer in international affairs at the University of Maryland. . . . Book reviews are indexed in* Book Review Index.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ PAPERBACKS. Chicago's edition of *The Guide to the Perplexed* by Moses Maimonides is translated by Shlomo Pines and features an introductory essay by Leo Strauss (Vol. 1, $7.25; Vol. 2, $7.95). The same imprint offers John Oxenford's translation of *The Autobiography of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe* in two volumes ($5.25 each). . . . Out in Compass, Lionel Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination* ($2.95). . . . *KGB* is a rundown on the Soviet spy system by John Barron (Bantam, Dec., $2.25). . . . *The Last Hero* is a life of Lucky Lindy by Walter Ross (Manor, Dec., $2.25). The same house reprints Colonel Robert S. Allen's *Patton's Third U.S. Army—Lucky Forward* ($1.95). . . . *The Honorary Consul* is a Graham Greene novel (Pocket, $1.50).

NR religion editor Malachi Martin is the author of *Jesus Now* (Popular, $1.95). The same house delivers itself of Schlesinger's *The Imperial Presidency* ($2.45). . . . *The New Yorker Book of Poems* is a big collection (Morrow, Dec., $5.95). . . . Expensive ($8.95) even for an oversized paperback but still a bargain is Keith Roberts' *A Gallery of Masterpieces: From Giotto to Picasso* (Praeger). . . . When Harry Truman ran off at the mouth to him, Merle Miller called it *Plain Speaking* (Berkley, $1.95). . . . From NAL, Ayn Rand boxed: seven volumes for $10.95. . . . Two great buys: C. S. Lewis' seven volumes of the Narnia Chronicles, boxed, for $6.95 (Macmillan) and *The Complete Sherlock Holmes* in eight volumes from Berkley ($5.25). . . . Allen Drury raises the apocalyptic ante in *Come Nineveh, Come Tyre* (Avon, $1.75). . . . With *Give Us This Day* (Pocket Books, $1.95), R. F. Delderfield concludes the saga of the Swann family.

■ THOSE REVOLUTIONARY BISHOPS. Over the years *NR* has noted the phenomenon known as Orbis Books. It's the imprint of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of the United States (popularly known as the Maryknoll Fathers), and as such is the missionary arm of the American Catholic hierarchy. The fall Orbis list follows what is now a tradition. Among the titles: *Evolution and Guilt* by Jesuit Juan Luis Segundo (a venture in what the publisher calls "political theology"); *Christians and Socialism*, a paean to the Marxist priests of Latin America; *A New Moral Order* by Denis Goulet, the blurb of which reads like a plea for bigger and better international handouts; Leonard Kapungu's *Rhodesia: The Struggle for Freedom*, a diatribe against the whites there; and *Wiriyamu: Mylai in Mozambique* by Adrian Hastings, whose charges were searchingly analyzed a year ago in these pages by James Burnham. Thus the Catholic Foreign Mission Society continues to preach the gospel, but it isn't Christ's.

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dealt a blow, as from a Siberian pickaxe, when a certain Robert James Maddox, of wicked instincts, published in 1973 *The New Left and the Origins of the Cold War*, in which he demonstrated that the deans of revisionism have constructed their cosmology mainly by sleight of hand and the operations of a highly selective imagination. Yet, here is a volume of great heft, published in this year 1974, that is composed as though Maddox had never written and academicians not been diverted in the last couple of years by the distractions of more recent atrocities than the cold war—as, for example, the persecution of the Soviet Jews.

THIS WORK is in some ways less a biography than a tendentious lesson in American foreign policy since 1941. Dwight Eisenhower's life, per se, is given short shrift, at least until the fate of that life becomes one with the fates of nations. Until the advent of World War II, the man from Abilene enjoyed a prosaic enongh existence. In June of 1942, however, Ike was appointed, over the heads of 365 men who were general officers and his seniors, commanding general, European Theater of Operations, and was forthwith boosted out of the company of dismal Army plugs and into the aeries of the internationally luminous. With this event, Lyon ties his arm, shoots up, and sails aloft into the euphoria of his own righteousness.

While Ike's crusade in Europe was, it appears, never "anti-fascist"—the

General only infrequently referred to Germans as Nazis: usually they were the Boche or the Hun—Lyon credits Eisenhower with a heavy dose of optimistic idealism in his immediate postwar dealings with Stalin, the Red Army, and other *apparatchiks* of monolithic International Idealism. The General had been opposed to occupying Berlin and Prague "for political reasons"; he was opposed to America's use of the atom bomb; he wished to travel to Russia in May of 1945, plans for which trip were truncated by the State Department. And yet, once in control of NATO, he coddled the Germans and by 1951 had "transformed himself into a preeminent cold warrior. . . ." He was willing, in short, to act like a "workaday politician"—which is to say, he wanted to be President, and was hence an easy mark for the wicked wallahs and potentates of Washington, who wished to make over the postwar world in their image.

WHAT INTERESTS Lyon, of course, is primarily Eisenhower the cold warrior: Eisenhower in his international role, both as soldier and President, not as Chief Executive for what the men around him referred to as "the civilian side." For years professional observers of the Republic have been reevaluating Ike and his works. The main thrust of this historiographical New Look has been toward both a more lenient scrutiny of the operations of "Modern Republicanism" and a less naive examination of the ruddy Eisenhower personality. So successful has been the latter aspect of this enterprise that only the *ignoscenti* continue to agree with the woman author who once referred to Ike as a "wad of chewing gum tossing restlessly in the jaws of history." Lyon, accordingly, does not find it difficult to show that for Eisenhower "politics was not a task to be undertaken but an instinctive reflex of his subtle and calculating nature."

He is not inclined, however, to reappraise the domestic manifestations of Modern Republicanism. With a "Halloo, yoicks!" he is off after the viziers who made foreign policy. And in this area, the Grand Vizier was President Eisenhower, at whose bidding John Foster Dulles carried out that policy "and also served as a convenient butt for any criticism of that policy so that Eisenhower's avuncular image might be preserved." Eisenhower, alas, was con-

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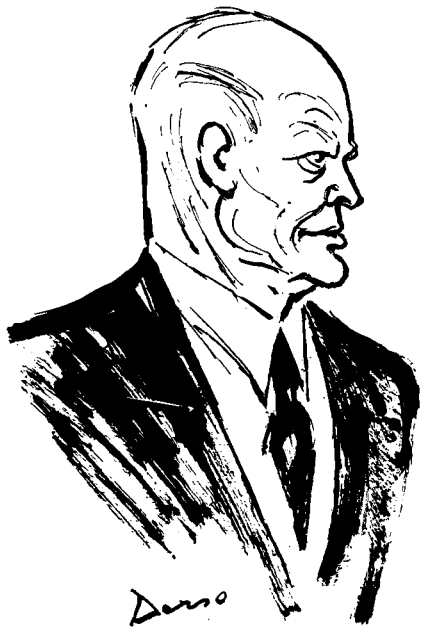
vinced, by the circumstances of his election in 1952, that he must be more anti-Communist than had been Harry Truman: from which conviction followed the cloaking of American lust for materials and markets in the rhetoric of an earnest chaplain at a boys' boarding school; huge defense expenditures; an unwillingness to accept Soviet peace feelers; the rearming of West Germany; disingenuous handling on the



part of Ike and Dulles of proposals for disarmament; the verbal undermining of Imre Nagy by the U.S., which led to a counterrevolution in Hungary in 1956, which forced the Soviets to call in the tanks; hideous and imperialist doings in Iran, Guatemala, Lebanon, Cuba, the Congo, et al. Eisenhower's failure "to win peace for the world" was "the measure by which he lost the claim to true greatness."

The most polite thing that can be said of this tome is, I suppose, that it is one of the most masterful examples of sustained selectivity in historical composition since Dwight Eisenhower and his cadre of Doubleday editors went to press with *Mandate for Change* and *Waging Peace*. In some instances, it modestly refrains from mentioning certain embarrassing subjects: the Lublin unpleasantness, for instance. In others, it assiduously gives the benefit of the doubt to the nether side of the Iron Curtain, as when it explains that the "atoms for peace plan" failed of acceptance by the Russians because "in cold wartime, an offer to one's adversary is likely to be less than open-hearted. . . ." In others, the Soviets—or Chou En-lai, or Lumumba, or whoever—emerge from dubious escapades without the slap that is generally forthcoming to Westerners caught with their pants down, as when Lyon apparently accepts Molotov's explanation of the Arab-Soviet arms deal in September of 1956 as purely a commercial transaction. There is at least one dishonorable personal swipe, as when Lyon suggests that Dulles' disinclination to push for a test ban in 1958-1959 was partially owing to his own attainment of the Biblical three score years and ten. And then there are examples of downright idiocy, as when Lyon, shortly after quoting Lenin's dictum that "Promises are like piecrusts, made to be broken," takes the Westerners to task for believing that to a Communist a treaty is a scrap of paper. And—always—a statement by a Communist politico is scrupulously accepted at face value, while a statement by a representative of the Free World is presumed, until proven innocent, to be a string of Trojan words.

IN BRIEF, an annoying book. Two things in particular offend my sensibilities. One of them is the style. It is either vulgar, with pretensions to elegance, or elegant, with pretensions to vulgarity: reminiscent, in either case, of a Soviet diplomat attending the Paris *Opéra*. The other is the attitude with which I perceive Lyon views the world. Is it really possible for an educated and articulate man to be convinced that a nation which terrorizes its greatest ambulatory author, puts prices on the heads of emigrés, and busts up art exhibits in vacant lots regards with velvety eyes and the greatest goodwill peoples beyond its borders? I suspect not. Whether he can convince himself of this absurdity is of course another issue entirely. And a lust to believe the worst of one's culture, nation, or society is surely a sign of one's innate feelings of superiority toward that culture, nation, or society. Who but a person of the most penetrating vision can thus surmount the instinctual ties of affection by scrutinizing in a cold, clear light all that is most natural, native, and familiar, whether it pertain to oneself or to what in sociological gabble is called the extensions of oneself? *Mea culpa*, these days, is fast becoming an outward sign of a most superior person. □

About Behaviorism
By B. F. Skinner
Knopf, 288 pp., $6.95

SKINNER EMPTIES OUR SKINS

DANTE GERMINO

B. F. Skinner, the Harvard psychologist and inventor of the "Skinner box" for infants, has written yet another book. It is a tribute to Mr. Skinner's obduracy, if not to his wisdom, that the intellectual hubris saturating the pages of *Walden II* (1948) and the appropriately entitled *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* (1971) remains unabated in this latest volume, despite the efforts of numerous thoughtful critics over the years to expose the fallacies of his particular version of the idea of social engineering. Thus, Skinner declares in the conclusion of *About Behaviorism*: "In the behavioristic view, man can now control his own destiny because he [and we are not left in doubt as to who "he" really is] knows what must be done and how to do it." It requires a *scotosis* (Lonergan's term for intellectual blindness) of the first order to make that statement in any age, given the ineluctable vagaries of the *conditio humana*, but it seems particularly astonishing in an era marked by political terrorism, ecological crisis, runaway inflation, and the resignation of an American President. Rather than controlling things, things seem today to be more than ever in the saddle.

SKINNER informs the reader in his opening sentence that he intends to present "the philosophy" of the "science of human behavior." However, Skinner understands by "philosophy" nothing more than a general view of the subject under discussion, and so contributes to the vulgarization of that venerable term. Philosophy as a mode of existence in openness to transcendent Being, as it had been conceived by Plato, is for Skinner so much "mentalistic" gibberish. Indeed, we are informed that 2,500 years of Western speculation about the meaning of existence has been a misconceived enterprise: "Must we conclude that all those who have speculated about consciousness as forms of self-knowledge—from the Greeks to the

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British empiricists to the phenomenologists—have wasted their time? Perhaps we must."

Skinner relieves man of the burden of existence in uncertain truth, whether that truth be expressed in the symbolism of philosophy, revealed religion, myth, poetry, or art, and offers instead the massive "certainties" of a reductionist scientism. Kathleen Raine once called reductionism the attitude of mind which "sees the pearl as a disease of the oyster." It is a compressing, leveling spirit, which seeks to flatten out the multidimensional character of reality so that the whole of that reality, at least as it concerns man, may become an object of control and domination by those doing the leveling—for the benefit of all of us, you understand. Behaviorism denies on principle that there are depths of experience beyond our grasp and control and in which we "see only in a glass, darkly"; depth and mystery are eliminated in favor of the clarity found only at the surface. So, for Skinner "the world within the skin"—or what used to be called consciousness—will "eventually" be completely explained by anatomy and physiology; for the present, "radical behaviorism," building on those sciences and examining the "contingencies of survival" in the human organism's physical environment (there is no other) will do the job well enough, especially in comparison to the misconceived "mentalistic" theories of Plato and all the other political theorists of the past.

WHAT EVER happened to the "self" or the "person" who was thought to possess an inalienable "freedom and dignity"? These terms, declares Skinner, are still around, unfortunately, but they are vestiges of "animism" and as such they are to be exorcised from our vocabulary (I mean, from our "verbal behavior"). Traces of animism, or the "doctrine" that "the body was moved by one or more indwelling spirits," survive "when we speak of a *personality*, of an ego, . . . of an *I* who says he knows what he is going to do and uses his body to do it. . . ." From the "advanced" perspective of radical behaviorism, then, Socrates' injunction "Know thyself" is founded on the illusion that there is a "self" to know. And so, a "scientific analysis of behavior" must "assume that a person's behavior is controlled by his genetic and environmental histories rather than by the person himself as an initiating, controlling agent." Far from being depressed over the loss of personality and the self, we should welcome it, for it means that instead of fruitlessly blaming individual men for their vicious or demeaning actions "we" (meaning the followers of behaviorism) can set about changing "the behavior of another by changing the world in which he lives," i.e., by designing a "social environment" which will induce men to respond in "strong" and "successful" ways. (But what "success" means is not a question explicitly discussed in Skinner's "philosophy.")

We must not, then, make the "age-old mistake of looking to the individual rather than to the world in which he lives." No indeed! For the individual, even if he be Moses, the Buddha, Socrates, or Jesus, has been flattened out into a continuing evolutionary "process" of behavior adaptation and modification.

Nothing can be more mistaken, we are told, than the benighted observation by a "distinguished social philosopher" (who, as with most of the critics to whom Skinner refers, is allowed to remain anonymous—after all, "the individual" doesn't count anyway) that, "It is only through a change of consciousness that the world will be saved. Everyone must begin with himself." But of course, *metanoia*, or change of consciousness, is after all an arduous and uncertain affair, as well as an awesome responsibility. It is not a technique to be implemented by planners, but a movement of the spirit, whose ebbing and flowing in its depths remains beyond any nice calculation and prediction.

In one of the most important works of political theory to appear in recent years, *The Human Condition*, Hannah Arendt had this to say about the kind of reductionist scientism propounded by Skinner:

> The trouble with modern theories of behaviorism is not that they are wrong but that they become true, that they actually are the best possible conceptualization of certain obvious trends in modern society. It is quite conceivable that the modern age—which began with such an unprecedented and promising outburst of human activity—may end in the deadliest, most sterile passivity history has ever known.

Some of us, however, benightedly persist in preferring the view of man held by the founder of the University of Virginia, Thomas Jefferson, to that propounded by the founder of "radical behaviorism," B. F. Skinner. □

A History of Russian and Soviet Sea Power
By Donald W. Mitchell
Macmillan, 657 pp., $15

MASTERING THE SEAS

WILLARD BARBER

In the decisive naval defeat at the hands of Admiral Togo in 1905, eight of the 12 Russian capital ships were sunk, and the other four were captured. But in the 1970s Soviet naval units were operating simultaneously in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans, in the Black, Baltic, Mediterranean, Japanese, Norwegian, and Philippine Seas, and in the far reaches of open water. Czarist naval engagements in World War I and Soviet strategy in World War II were strikingly alike in that the navy's role was largely to support the army's campaigns. The years since 1950 mark a decisive change in Russian sea power, not only in combat ships, but in training of personnel and the application to weaponry, detection devices, and communications, of electronic and computer technology.

Donald W. Mitchell is the author of a monumental history of the American Navy. For a dozen years his efforts have been directed to the research, here and abroad, in archives and by interviews, which culminated in this companion volume on the U.S. Navy's most likely opponent. It is hard to envision serious challenge to American sea power from any other source. (Japan, for decades a rival in the Pacific, now has only 210 small craft with a total tonnage of 133,000.) For nautical buffs Mitchell provides a ten-page index of individual ships, and a unique series of photographs of Soviet radar picket ships, helicopter carriers, ballistic missile submarines (many are nuclear powered), spy trawlers, and other recently launched units. These combat-style craft frequently shadow American vessels, and invariably turn up when NATO or SEATO joint maneuvers are

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planned. The latter practice seems a giveaway of the Soviet's capability of intercepting operational messages.

Mitchell relates the rise and fall of Russian naval power from the time of Peter the Great. Naval engagements against the Turks, the Swedes, the French, and in the Crimean War are refought, as well as the voyage to disaster of the imperial fleet in the war against Japan. Hallowed in Bolshevik annals are the mutinies at Kronstadt and on board the *Potemkin*; and the improbable action of the cruiser *Aurora* taking pot shots at the Kerensky cabinet holed up in the Petrograd Winter Palace, from her anchorage in the Neva river. As Mitchell remarks, "the Kronstadt sailors, in fact, were among the most vigorous and militant elements in the entire Russian revolution."

As fate would have it, during the bloody Stalinist purges of the 1930s, "the Red Navy probably lost even more top officers than the army. . . ." The

commander-in-chief and the fleet admirals were liquidated, as were captains of ships and shore bases. A policy change calling for an offensive navy of powerful surface ships was put into effect. Its announcement, carried in *Pravda* in typical Communist rhetoric, declared: "We need a still more powerful navy, a more modern sea and ocean navy. So decided the Party. So decided the government. The whole Soviet people so decided." But on the eve of World War II, "even in the Baltic the Red Navy was probably weaker in actual fighting value than either the German or Swedish fleet." This was due, not to the lack of ships, but rather to inexperienced and poorly trained personnel. Near the end of World War II, the Baltic and Black Sea ships were largely unused, as their crews were busy fighting on land.

In the division of spoils of war in 1945, Russia received a score of German combat ships, a like number from Italy, and a half dozen Japanese destroyers. "For her approximately two weeks of participation in the war against Japan, the Soviet Union gained the Kuril Islands, southern Sakhalin, and the northern half of Korea." But the real buildup was motivated by the 1962 missile crisis in Cuba, when the Soviets backed down in the face of the American quarantine.

Since then the Soviet Union has constructed numerous modernized units, has established ship stations in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean, has installed under Admiral Gorshkov a new command and organizational structure. Subsequent commissioning of Polaris-type missile-launching submarines has added offensive power, as revealed by their circumnavigating the globe, under water, in a group exercise.

The existence of a naval race can scarcely be doubted in view of the temporary but specific naval limitations agreed to during the Moscow summit meetings in 1972, the establishment of "home-port" facilities for American naval aircraft in Greece, and the construction of an American base at Diego Garcia, an island in the Indian Ocean. Mitchell, in his usual terse and clear style, concludes that "Admiral Gorshkov is justified in claiming that United States mastery of the sea is at an end." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE ECONOMICS OF ENERGY, *What Went Wrong and How We Can Fix It, by Roger LeRoy Miller (Morrow, 131 pp., $4.95).* In this surprisingly informative, lucid, and persuasive volume Miller assails the conservationists and doomsdayers of "spaceship earth" who fail to see how the price mechanism and changing technology can keep us from running out of scarce resources. He places the blame for the energy crisis chiefly on the government for instituting price controls and promoting overconsumption. But he also is highly critical of the oil industry, which lobbied for special tax breaks that cost Americans $4 to $5 billion a year in higher prices. He reveals the State Department's efforts to get oil companies to accept the producing nations' price increases. He derides President Nixon's wasteful and costly goal of "self-sufficiency in 1980." Finally, in a positive tone, Miller offers a six-point plan to fix what went wrong, including the abolition of price controls and the oil industry's special privileges. MARK SKOUSEN

A BRIDGE TOO FAR, *by Cornelius Ryan (Simon & Schuster, 670 pp., illus., $12.50).* September 1944. The Allied drive against Hitler's Western Wall is bogged down for want of supplies that lag behind the breakout at Normandy. Intelligence forecasts an imminent Nazi collapse. A single strategic thrust might do the job. Patton's Third Army seems the likely choice. Yet Eisenhower reluctantly gambles upon a bizarre operation proposed by the cautious Montgomery. "Market-Garden" will penetrate 75 miles into occupied Holland with a surprise airborne drop of three and a half Allied divisions. Objective: the seizure of five river crossings to be used within 48 hours by the British Second Army's armored dash through a narrow corridor to Arnhem and the Rhine. Once across, Monty's force will flank the Siegfried Line, invade the Ruhr, and spearhead the race for Berlin. The fate of the largest airborne operation of the war depends upon precision and luck. Both are lacking. British paratroops are dropped at Arnhem amidst two Panzer divisions. British tanks are delayed. Allied air support is limited by weather, but the Germans are not. Montgomery's masterstroke becomes a grim matter of survival. The toll exceeds 17,000. Ryan's compelling account makes for uncomfortable reading, and it should be a required text for staff officers. ALAN MILLER

EGALITARIANISM AS A REVOLT AGAINST NATURE, *by Murray N. Rothbard (Libertarian Review, 151 pp., $2.50).* A delightful collection of essays. Most are from defunct journals which failed the market test because a) they promoted a conformist purge of ideologically impure libertarians, and b) they tried to build one-way bridges toward the Left. Despite Rothbard's irrelevant appeal to historic usage, "Left" today means egalitarian and statist, "Right" means an advocate of laissez-faire meritocracy. That puts Rothbard at the extreme right on most issues, despite his protests to the contrary—a paradigm of the individual against the collective. His definition of conservatism as "hierarchy, statism, theocracy, serfdom, and class exploitation" makes no sense in this country at this time. Rothbard is a little weak on neighborhood effects and defense, but he has great fun with women's liberation and the fundamental mystique of the state. This is a stimulating, properly optimistic, consciousness-raising exercise in unequivocal laissez-faire. ALAN REYNOLDS

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MARTIN

(Continued from page 1356)

If we are embarrassed to break the intellectual fad, we may convince ourselves intellectually that there is no afterlife, mainly because no available teaching or information demonstrates to us the practicality of afterlife. (Practicality is the number one tenet of belief in thanatology.) And thus we go protestingly and helplessly and denuded against our will into death. For once belief goes, we find nothing between us and death but vapid time. In any case, we have to deal with our desire for life as an inescapable datum of our consciousness. And, in that undying desire, thanatology seems to be just another spasm of that mechanistic psychology initiated by Freud on Darwin's earlier premise and bowdlerized by Skinner. The hallmarks of all these men are irreverence for our humanness and lack of concern for our ideals.

Ironically, the real effect of their shrill insistence has been to drive people back to reconsider the element common to all ancient solutions. This element was a claimed knowledge about dying and an after-death condition coming from someone who had passed through death and returned to tell about it and to promise safe passage through death. For the universally human reaction to death is helplessness: the silence, the immobility, the seeming finality, the non-return of those we knew, the absence of communication, all this besets our minds.

And we remember that the god of Everyman—by whatever name—is the god who dissolves that terrible helplessness of ours; who lived as one of us, died, lived again, and for love's sake infallibly promised Everyman that for no human would death be an entry into the Wall. It would be merely a sunset—the end of one day with all of life to follow.

If I must choose (and I must) between the faddish "dignity" of death treated as a psychological trauma, to which I am helped to adjust "healthily" with my back to that Wall of inevitable nothingness, and the embarrassing irrationality of my individual existence which cannot be effaced but is guaranteed by gratuitous love, then let me understand a handful of things very well.

The choice either way is made in faith. Nobody can "prove" anything—including the thanatologists. Except that the words attributed 2,000 years ago to Abraham are stitched on the thanatologists' sampler: "Even if one came back from the dead, they will not believe." Looking at the guarantees behind each promise, I'd be a damned fool (in the precisest meaning of the term) to choose the faith of Darwin, Freud, Skinner, and their cultivators.

In past times, religionists abused the faith of others in order to rob them of worldly wealth. But the thanatologist robs me of all real human hope. Material wealth is useless in comparison with it. The thanatologist denies me the one truth that can sustain me both in living and dying: that somehow love was the cause of my being and that love awaits me for that longest day conceivable, which I cannot deny I desire but which of myself I cannot attain, only choose. We will all choose. Everyone. ☐

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

What Are the Russians Up To?

New York, Nov. 8—Suddenly we find out that Liu Shao-ch'i is dead. When did he die? We don't know. How did he die? We don't know. Where did he die? We don't know. You see, we don't really know anything about what is going on inside Chinese politics. Is that because, as Harriet Van Horne might put it, we went for twenty years trying to pretend that 700 million people didn't exist? No. Because even if you use that silly phrase, we haven't been ignoring the 250 million people in the Soviet Union, not since 1933 when we recognized the regime. And what do we know about the inside of Russian politics? Nothing. I mean, not one blessed thing. What we have is a profession called Kremlinology, which, so far as one can tell from the record, has advanced our knowledge of what is going on inside the Kremlin with about the same statistical accuracy you could have got from consulting the local tea leaf reader. When Khrushchev was ousted, our Kremlinologists learned about it from the AP. When the last ping-pong player has visited China, we will still know nothing more about Chinese politics than we do now.

WHICH BRINGS one to the solemn warning, issued in New York on October 31, by Senator James L. Buckley. He is on his way to the Soviet Union where, by the way, he intends to discover some non-Jewish victims of Soviet tyranny. He will go to the usual places and meet the usual people and observe—there is a great deal to be said for observing. But being a very intelligent man, he does not expect to return to the United States with a sophisticated idea of exactly what the Soviet military is up to. That kind of information we get only through the use of several devices. The least of these, at this point, is the Central Intelligence agent, because CIA agents who poke about military laboratories in Central Asia are given a bad time. We get the best information we have from our missile technology. From photographs.

Now it was an important part of the SALT agreement that the partners should not engage in efforts to deceive these photographic monitors. In other words, if you were digging a hole for the purpose of putting in it a silo which would contain an intercontinental missile, you must not strew bits of straw around it so as to confuse our monitors and make them think you are storing grain.

Senator Buckley says that some insiders in and out of U.S. Intelligence have recently accumulated a number of grounds to believe that the Soviet Union has been systematically breaking this part of our agreement. This unhappy news combines with something about which there is no dispute, namely, that we greatly underestimated the capacity of Soviet technology to MIRV their missiles when we made the 1972 deal. Under the circumstances, as we move toward the second SALT accord, we face a situation doubly dangerous: 1) an inexact knowledge of what it is exactly that the Soviets have; and 2) a Soviet lead in technology which the Soviet Union is not going to be anxious to retrench from. It is Senator Buckley's point that in authorizing SALT I, the Senate specifically ordained that SALT II should look to "equivalence," and that unless the White House comes clean now and confirms either a) that the Soviet Union is forging ahead; or b) that we have lost our power to establish whether the Soviet Union is forging ahead, Congress is incapable of acting intelligently when it is presented with a proposed agreement involving SALT II.

"To summarize my concerns," said Senator Buckley, "as it appears that the Soviets may be rapidly achieving the capacity to deploy a far greater number of missile warheads than the Congress ever anticipated when the SALT accords were ratified in 1972, and as the Soviets may be initiating measures of concealment that will make it increasingly difficult for us to measure the extent of their aggregate payload capacities and of their capability to intercept United States ballistic missiles, it is imperative that our negotiators take with absolute seriousness the congressional mandate that the next agreement provide for true parity in strategic forces, and that any such agreement contain more stringent safeguards to assure us of the ability to monitor Soviet compliance." Quite right, though I do wish the Senator would use shorter sentences. □

CONGRESSIONAL JUNKETING *New York*, Nov. 9—Now Mr. Jack Anderson, in his populist war against junkets, reveals that a dozen congressmen took a trip to Venezuela at the invitation of the Venezuelan government, all expenses paid. And that a number of senators accepted the hospitality of Mao Tse-tung while flying about China. Meanwhile, Congress has passed a bill . . .

But pause over the two examples given: I tend to find it, along with Mr. Anderson, a little queasyish for a United States legislator to fly to a foreign country at the expense of the host country. I find it less lascivious than Mr. Anderson that, while there, the congressmen should be put up in "luxury hotels" (he makes them sound like Wilbur Mills Internationals). I don't know where they would be expected to stay, but I suspect it would not have served anybody's purpose to invite congressmen to your capital city, there to behold its wonders, and put them up in a flea-ridden barrio, whence they could only write postcards to Graham Greene.

China, of course, is a special case. From recent experience, I learned that the custom now is for the Chinese to insist on taking over your expenses—from the moment you present yourself in Hong Kong. Presenting yourself in Hong Kong comes to about $1,000, round trip from New York. But the cost to the People's Republic of China of your hotel rooms, continental travel in their airlines and trains, and the food, would come, for a two-week stay, to something like, oh, forty bucks, judging from the prices in 1972.

But the question now comes: who

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should pay the way of these congressmen? There are several answers: the first and most obvious is: nobody—they shouldn't go to places like Venezuela and China. Now that may be true in many cases. Senator William Fulbright, for instance, became a great expert on Vietnam without even traveling there once. Contrast the trip to Hanoi by Ramsey Clark, whereby, merely visiting there a couple of days, he discovered that the North Vietnamese were hard at work trying to create a virtuous society.

But what about congressmen who do vote on issues of international policy, who do not belong to the one or two elect committees with travel funds, who seek to avoid the charge of junketing by getting funds from other committees; and who now need to avoid such criticism as Jack Anderson's?

Here is where the incredible new bill comes in. It stipulates (when last I saw the terms of it) that no congressman or senator shall in the future be permitted to charge more than $1,000 for a single public appearance; nor be allowed to earn more than $15,000 through public appearances or writing in a single year.

YEARS AGO, we learned that Alben Barkley, as senior senator of an important committee and then as Vice President of the United States, was kept by the labor unions by the simple device of paying him huge speaking fees to address groups he would probably have addressed free of charge anyway. No doubt, in less flagrant form, the practice continues. But this preposterous bill, aimed at curbing it, is likely to accomplish one of two things. If it succeeds, it will deprive congressmen and senators of the income in some cases desperately needed to eke out a living while (in some cases) serving as many as 17 million constituents. If (more likely) it fails, it will be evaded in some slick way, by devices I am too delicate to describe.

But for certain what you will have is a heightened reliance on other people's benefactions: if a legislator has a genuine interest in Venezuela, or China, and if he cannot get there from congressional funds, and cannot himself earn the income to finance a trip, he is necessarily driven either to abandoning his curiosity, or to making an arrangement with a foreign government, and exciting the suspicion (in some cases well-earned) of Jack Anderson. To make itself purer and purer, the Congress is making it more and more difficult for first-class men, unless they happen to be very rich, to seek public office. □

JULIE AT BAT

New York, Oct. 28—How to put it? Richard Nixon has been spared very few things, but at least, so far, his daughter Julie has not been publicly denounced. Whether this is a tribute to American political chivalry, or something less than that, related to the conviction that to criticize a biological appendage of Mr. Nixon is both degrading and unnecessary, we cannot say. Julie Nixon, as an instrument of Richard Nixon the monster, is —in the view of those I talk about— nothing more than a tentacle; soft, unmuscled, capable of nothing more than emitting a little squid-like stuff that clouds the vision not at all. So why go after her?

I hope the situation remains so, but I fear it will not, and therein lies a story.

I went recently to Philadelphia, on an utterly professional mission, to talk about my experience with the United Nations as a United States delegate, for the vulgar purpose of persuading people to take notice of a book I have written on the subject. Perhaps—to make a more general point—I have made my mission more unattractive than I should, since authors in fact write books for other than purely commercial reasons. They seek also to persuade, impress, or even to satisfy their vanity.

Well, I arrive in Philadelphia and there is not only Mr. Mike Douglas, the host of the television show that bears his name and one of the world's most amiable men, but also—Julie Nixon Eisenhower. She, I have been informed, is to serve during the entire week as the co-host of the program. I receive the news, to tell the truth, with some discomfort, because I know that Mrs. Eisenhower has not been retained by top management of the Mike Douglas Show to talk about my experiences in the United Nations, fascinating though they were.

And, sure enough, it is obvious from the very beginning of the program what Mrs. Eisenhower has been hired for. To talk about her father. About every aspect of her father. About what he does in San Clemente. About his illness. About his mood. About the role Julie played in the final decision to resign. Inasmuch as the whole business of a loyal daughter's relation to her father on being kicked out of the White House is necessarily delicate, I sat glumly in what they call the Green Room—that is where, before you go on yourself, you watch over the monitor, along with other scheduled guests, the show as it is proceeding. I hoped that the limits of tastelessness would be reached before my own appearance in the third segment. The answer to that question is that said limits are unreachable on American television. I give you the following. One segment of the program was devoted to what did Julie Nixon, freshly married to David Eisenhower, do when Richard Nixon, freshly inaugurated as President of the United States, announced on the telephone that he intended to fly up to Smith College on Air Force One to have dinner with Julie and David on Julie's birthday? Well, said Julie in the best manner of Blondie-being-asked-suddenly-to-prepare-for-the-boss, she called someone in California and got a recipe, because, you see, she had never cooked anything before. So they recreated—the host, and the hostess, and a couple of extras —on the screen, the preparation of the chicken dinner for Richard Nixon. At which point one of the extras, who had been told to add a little salt, or garlic, or whatever, to the blend, objected: "Are you sure this won't give me phlebitis?"

WHAT CAN the most genteel audience in the world do, under the strain of such a wisecrack, the day after Richard Nixon was wheeled out of the hospital with an infirmity that may prove mortal? What would 400 (the approximate size of the audience) daughters of Queen Victoria have done? I think they'd have done what this audience did. They laughed. So did Julie. Is that what it means to be a trouper? I'd have loved it if Julie had taken the chicken, *with* the spinach *and* the noodles *and* the garlic *and* the cheese, and smashed it in the face of the phlebitis-guy, and told him maybe the recipe didn't have any historical connection with phlebitis, as far as she knew, but that it here and now had a historical connection with such jokes.

But Julie laughed too. As, one supposes, Marie-Antoinette would have laughed, if she had signed on as a bit player for the Comédie Française, doing a skit on the last days of Louis XVI's court at Versailles.

How desperately can the Nixons misunderstand the exigencies of the situation. Sending Julie to fricassee chicken and receive cracks about phlebitis, just so she can have an opportunity to stress her father's innocence, any success in which line of endeavor merely hardens the public misgiving about Jerry Ford's act of pardon . . . What is the matter with the Nixons, that they cannot understand? Or with the American public, that it should stand by, and laugh? That, my friends, not the lousy oil shortage, was the great moment for the argument against American commercialism. □

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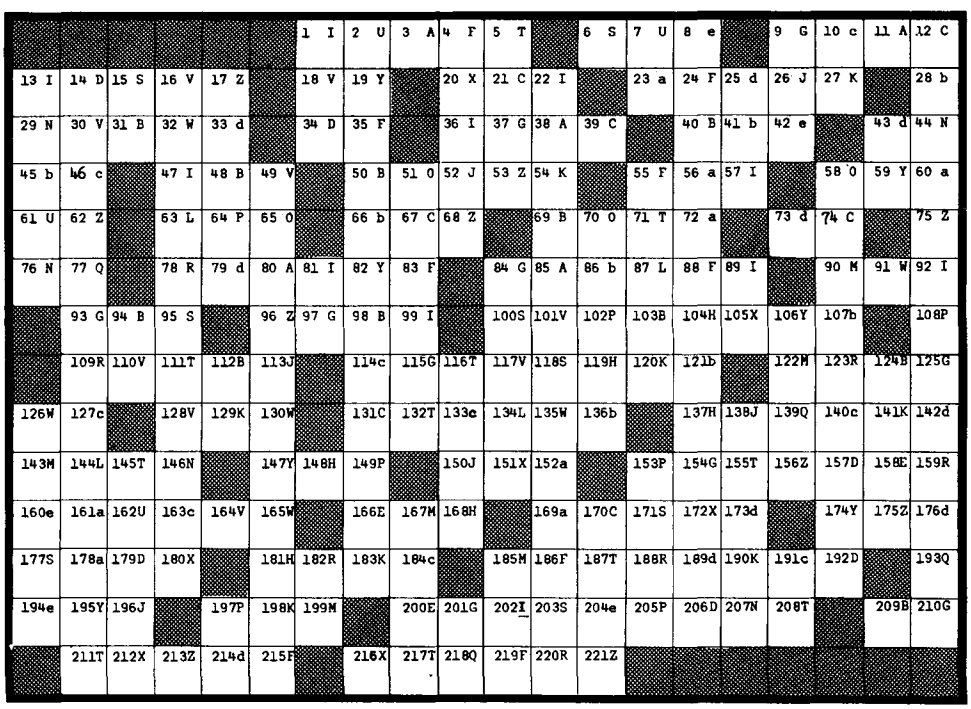
e. Small and charmingly mischievous — 8 42 160 194 204

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1370 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.



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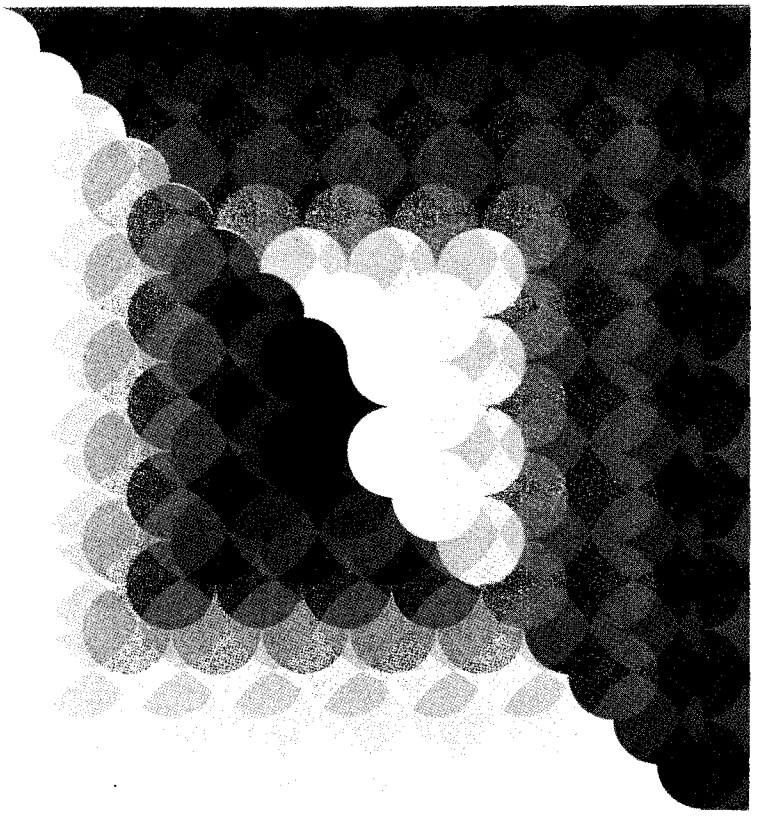
artist: bayer

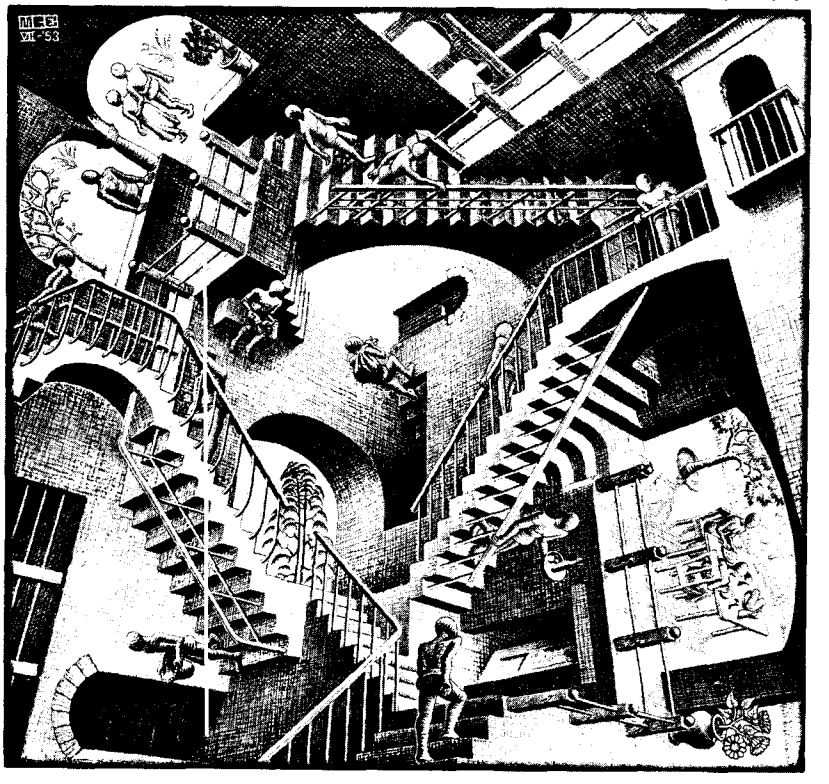
chromatic amassment



The ideal
A society in balance. A healthy, well housed, fully employed peacetime population—with clear air, clean water and equal opportunity for everyone.

The real
We move in different directions, disregarding our neighbor's goal. We dilute our efforts. We fail to reach the equilibrium our strength could give us.

artist: escher



Achieving national goals requires a balanced effort. We must continue to seek new ways to reduce air and water pollution... raise the standard of living of men and women whose potential contribution to society is not being realized... and maintain a sound economy, which will be necessary to achieve environmental and social goals.

Above all, we must broaden our perspective to weigh all our goals in making decisions. For these goals are interrelated. We cannot afford to pursue any one of them at the cost of another.

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